

Catholic Digest

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THE BEST FROM WHEREVER THE BEST IS FOUND



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Number 4

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When married people on the brink of separation or divorce hear the voice of actual experience they usually stop to think

Divorcees Anonymous

By EILEEN O'HARA

MY HUSBAND picks on me all the time," the weeping woman told the attorney. "He won't even let me watch television in the evening."

"Won't let her watch it!" her husband retorted. "That's a good one! She's watching it all the time. I like a little conversation when I get home at night. But do you think she'll turn off that television for one minute to talk to me? She will not!"

"But whenever I do try to talk to you," his wife sobbed, "you sneer at everything I say!"

They went on quarreling for the better part of the morning. They wanted a divorce, they told the attorney. They would be better off apart. They quarreled all the time; their marriage was going to pieces. But before the afternoon was over they were on their way home, ready

to start all over again, deciding that maybe a divorce wasn't the answer, after all.

What had made them change their minds? Just a few hours spent in talking with a woman—a member of Divorcees Anonymous. The attorney, Mr. Samuel Starr, had brought her in to see them. She belonged to a group of Chicago women who are trying to keep married couples from making the mistake they made—the mistake of thinking that divorce will solve marital problems.

The divorcee had quietly told them her own story. "I got a divorce for just about the same reasons you wish one," she said. "My husband and I had one quarrel too many, so off I went to get a divorce. That part of it was easy. It's the years I've spent regretting it that have been hard."

Somewhat reluctantly at first,

both the husband and the wife began to admit that perhaps the fault was not to be found all on one side.

"That's where my husband and I made our mistake," the divorcee said. "Neither of us would ever admit that he might be in the wrong. When I look back, I realize that if I had given in a few times instead of being stubborn, we might still be together. At any rate, the divorce didn't solve anything. It just made things worse."

She made it clear that a divorce could be more difficult than life together. Maybe the best thing to do, the couple decided, was to forget the divorce and try to make life more pleasant.

That is the way Divorcees Anonymous works. Perhaps it sounds too easy. Mr. Starr can tell you the answer to that. He told me, "When people come to me for a divorce, that isn't really what they want. They want someone to tell their troubles to, someone to straighten out their problems for them. A divorce is the only solution they think of. If you can offer them a better one, it's easy to talk them out of getting a divorce."

Mr. Starr is an attorney whose office is at 100 N. La Salle St., in Chicago's financial district. He is a handsome, portly, genial man, who is happily married himself. He is sincerely interested in the problems of the people who come to him, and his long experience has given him a remarkable depth of understanding.

He has handled more than 3,000 divorce cases in the last 15 years. He knows at firsthand the ruin and regret that divorce leaves in its wake. As a result, when angry couples come to him, he does everything he can to get them to settle their differences. He has helped bring about countless reconciliations.

"Almost everyone who gets a divorce regrets it afterwards," he said. "In at least nine cases out of ten they're sorry they didn't stick together and try to make a go of it."

That fact is what started Divorcees Anonymous, more or less by accident, one day last September. A quarreling couple came into Mr. Starr's office seeking a divorce.

"Sometimes people who come to me won't stop arguing, and it's hard to do anything with them when they're like that," Mr. Starr said. "That's the way these people were. I knew one of my clients was waiting in the outer office. She had often told me how sorry she was that she ever got a divorce. I asked her to come in and talk to this couple, thinking her advice might do some good. And it did. They made up on the spot, and haven't been back since."

Mr. Starr concluded that if his idea had worked once, it could work again. He got together a nucleus group who soon attracted more members. Divorcees Anonymous now numbers 100 women, and it is growing all the time. Thus far they have helped keep 30 couples from

having to face the divorce courts.

Their method is simple: a D. A. just tells her own story and lets it speak for itself. Sometimes more advice is needed; often that is enough.

One principle which Divorcees Anonymous follows as much as possible is to bring together people with similar problems. There was Bernardine A., for example. She had a beautiful home and three lovely children. Her husband earned from \$200 to \$600 weekly. He was good to her, and he had no major vices except one: he gambled away part of his salary regularly. Bernardine protested that they should save that extra money for the future, but her husband wouldn't give up gambling. Finally she came to Mr. Starr and talked to him about getting a divorce. He put her in touch with a D. A. whose husband had also been a gambler. Except, the D. A. told Bernardine, that her husband had not only gambled, but had been given to drinking and running around with other women. Bernardine decided that she was not so abused as she had thought. She made a mental note, too, to look for shortcomings in herself that might be the underlying cause of her husband's urge to gamble.

People feel confident when they talk to a member of Divorcees Anonymous, because they know she is pledged never to reveal their names, nor even the fact of her membership in the organization.

They must admit, too, her superior knowledge from her experience. She knows both sides: the difficulties married people have, and the aftermath of divorce. She can look at a couple's situation objectively, because she is not blinded, as they are, by anger or hurt feelings. Remembering her own mistakes, she may be able to tip off a wife on keeping a wayward husband. She has seen enough molehills made into mountains to put trivial matters in their proper perspective.

Mr. and Mrs. J. were fortyish, middle-class persons who had been married for 17 years and had several children. They had seldom quarreled; altogether their married life had been serene. Both belonged to a club. Suddenly Mr. J. began being seen often at the club in the company of an attractive young career woman. When Mrs. J. confronted her husband with the tales she had been hearing, they quarreled. Mr. J. threatened a divorce. A D. A.'s advice to Mrs. J. was to make herself as attractive as possible, to be cheerful and independent, not as though she cared nothing for her husband, but as though she wasn't very worried about his escapade. At the latest report, the treatment seemed to be succeeding: Mr. J. was going less often to the club, and he was beginning to take a new interest in his wife.

Joseph K. wanted one of two things: either his wife would give up the business she had started, or

he would get a divorce. Mrs. K., a European-born Czech, had built up a business among her neighbors translating and answering letters from the old country. The letters took up too much of his wife's time, Joseph complained, and besides, he was sick and tired of having people running in and out of his house all the time. And he didn't wish anyone to think that he couldn't support his wife. The D. A. who talked to Joseph reminded him that his wife's activity was harmless, kept Mrs. K. at home, and made her feel useful. It was simply her way of finding recreation. Perhaps with a little diplomacy Joseph could persuade Mrs. K. to cut the letter-writing down to a minimum. When Joseph realized that his wife's business was a hobby, he began to feel differently about it, and decided to put up with it rather than to risk a divorce.

The D. A.'s are enthusiastic about what they are trying to do. I met and had dinner with four of them. They are sincere, intelligent women not given to self-pity. Anything they do as members of Divorcees Anonymous is purely voluntary, and they are not paid for it. They do not wish to pry nor to manage others' affairs; they simply make themselves available to anyone who wants to talk with them. They don't pretend to be marriage counselors or psychologists, but they know from experience that hardly anyone understands the problem of divorce better than a divorced person.

As we lingered over our coffee after dinner, they told me about another need Divorcees Anonymous is filling. "We have very little in common with happily married women," Frances said. "They are secure, they feel loved and wanted, and they have a place in society. We're social outcasts. We can't go on seeing the friends we had in common with our husbands. That leads to embarrassing situations; and besides, married people don't wish an extra woman around." Divorcees Anonymous offer one another social acceptance, they explained, and an understanding they will rarely find anywhere else.

"The first months after the divorce are really hard," Madeleine said. "You keep asking yourself, 'What's wrong with me? How did I fail?'"

"And then you start to realize," Barbara joined in, "that you've got the short end of things. It's fairly easy for your husband to go out and make new friends and a new life. It's not so easy for you."

"A woman centers her life in her home," Jeanne added. "When her home is broken up, it can shatter her life completely."

"That almost happened to me," Madeleine said. "It would have, if it hadn't been for Jeanne."

Madeleine had thought her life was over when her husband left her, she said. She asked Jeanne, who had had the same experience, to visit her. Jeanne came promptly, made Made-

leine dry her eyes, and took her to the Michigan Ave. exclusive stores to shop for new clothes. She did that not only to boost Madeleine's morale temporarily, but to make her see that she needed a fresh start, a new lease on life. "You've got to start all over again," she told her firmly. "Your life is going to follow a different pattern from now on, and you've got to make it a good pattern. Don't look back. Make up your mind that you can still get a lot out of life."

Since Jeanne had helped her through the first difficult period, Madeleine went on, she now wants to help other women in the same way, and to provide a social life for divorcees who find it hard to be accepted in society.

So far, Mr. Starr has made most of the contacts for Divorcees Anonymous. They have obtained others through friends, and from persons who have come to them of their own accord. They now plan to broaden their scope by getting in

touch with ministers, priests, and rabbis, and offering to help them reconcile couples who are beginning to drift apart. Every religion is represented in Divorcees Anonymous. Each member will seek advice from her own religious leader for the best supernatural help in a given case.

Mr. Starr has received letters from all over America, and even from England, congratulating him on his idea. A Long Island lawyer, divorcees from Massachusetts and California, and a Salvation Army worker from Minneapolis have all written him to ask how to start D. A. groups in their own communities. A colored woman who lives on Chicago's South Side plans to organize a group of Negro divorcees. It may well be that the friendly efforts of an attorney and a small group of women will become a nation-wide movement. It may be that their common-sense approach will become a new pattern for solving one of our most distressing problems.



Some Notes and a Statistic

THE more children's fingerprints in a home, the fewer on police records.

From *Fore and Aft* by Joseph J. Quinn.

SUCCESS in marriage does not depend so much on finding the right person as on being the right person.

Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph*.

YOU don't maintain a family circle by taking sides.

Marcelene Cox in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A RECENT study of 12,000 divorce cases reveals these pertinent facts: In 6.4% of the cases both parties were Roman Catholic. In 6.8% both were Protestant. In 15.2% one was Protestant and one Catholic. In 71.6% there was no church affiliation.

Expositor.



The Discovery of the Planet Neptune

By G. R. FOGERTY

Two young men faced each other in a darkened room at the foot of the great telescope in Berlin. The older, a man of 34, was Herr John Galle, assistant director of the observatory. Galle had to his credit three important discoveries. Tonight he had hoped to add another. It was Sept. 23, 1846.

But now, having made a preliminary survey, he spoke dejectedly to his companion, a young student named d'Arrest.

"It is not there," he said. "Leverrier is mistaken. If there is an undiscovered planet, Leverrier has not told us exactly where it is."

D'Arrest was silent. He, too, had

The material of this article will be contained in a forthcoming book with the tentative title *Any Any* by Mr. Fogerty. The proposed title is from a line by the poet, Father Gerard Manley Hopkins: "Is there any any?" By illustrations of the scientific method of discovering an unknown in the physical order, Mr. Fogerty hopes to indicate how man's reason can attain valid knowledge of God.

hoped to share in the discovery of a new planet. Such an opportunity might not come again.

Had their search been successful, they would have proved that the French mathematician Leverrier had achieved the greatest triumph of scientific reasoning in history. From a trifling clue, Leverrier had adduced both the existence and the precise location of a huge planet hitherto unknown.

What Herr Galle and d'Arrest did not know was that a young Englishman, John Couch Adams, had duplicated Leverrier's feat in the previous year, and that the Cambridge telescope at that very moment was sweeping the same small sector of the heavens in search of the same objective!

Since prehistoric times, men had said that the number of planets was six. Galileo's invention of the telescope in 1609 had not added at once to that number. Then in 1781 Sir William Herschel, an organist of Bath, England, peering through his

home-made telescope at what he thought to be a small star, saw instead the luminous disc of the planet Uranus.

Uranus is twice as far from the earth as Saturn, outermost of the planets known to the Chaldeans. Nevertheless, on a clear night it is faintly visible to the naked eye. Undoubtedly it had been seen countless times. But it moves so slowly it seemed to be a dim fixed star. Earth takes one year to circle the sun; Uranus takes 81 years.

Once discovered, however, the new planet was target of constant observation. But not until 40 years later did astronomers find out an astonishing fact.

IN 1820 Alex Bouvard of Paris made up tables to show the motion of the three outermost planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. His tables indicated where each planet would be at regular intervals in the future. He completed the project in 1821, and stepped to a telescope to check his results.

Consulting the timetable for Jupiter, he trained the telescope into position and looked. Jupiter was right on time. So was Saturn.

Confidently, Bouvard swung the instrument to the spot where the tables said Uranus should be. Uranus was not there.

"Well," sighed Bouvard, "everyone makes mistakes." Without too much difficulty he located the planet. It was not far away, just enough to

show that something was wrong. Bouvard retired to his study to find the error in his figures.

But there was no error. The plain fact was that Uranus was late!

If the sun had failed to appear some morning, consternation in the scientific world would scarcely have been greater. The same principle had been violated. The solar system, according to all theory, depends on *perfect* balance. Around the great globe of the sun, held by the pull of gravity, the planets swing at an exact distance determined by their speeds and weights and the forces which they exert on each other. There can be no variation, however slight, without a cause and a compensation.

Yet these were the facts: 1. Nowhere in the universe was there evidence of sufficient cause for the slackened speed of Uranus. 2. The planet was continuing to slow down at an astonishing rate.

In 1830 it was 20 seconds of arc off schedule; in 1840, 90 seconds; and by 1846 the lag had increased to a full two minutes and eight seconds.

After the first shock, men of science quickly reaffirmed faith in their principles. After all, there had to be *some* explanation. Somewhere in the universe, not far away in terms of stellar distance, something gigantic lurked. No one had ever seen it, or, until now, imagined its presence. Its only proof was the indirect evidence that it caused the planet

Uranus to slow down each ten years.

What could it be, this celestial monster which could fight the sun itself for dominion over huge Uranus? A comet? Another planet? A wandering star?

Or was there no monster at all? Was current scientific theory inadequate in principle to explain the phenomenon?

From his father's farm in Cornwall, John Couch Adams had come to Cambridge in 1839 to study mathematics. On July 3, 1841, he was 22 years of age and a sophomore. On that date he wrote in his diary the following.

"Formed a design, in the beginning of this week, of investigating, as soon as possible after taking my degree, the irregularities in the motion of Uranus, which are yet unaccounted for, in order to find whether they may be attributed to the action of an undiscovered planet beyond it, and, if possible, thence to determine approximately the elements of its orbit, etc., which would probably lead to its discovery."

Two years later young Adams took his degree with highest honors and stayed on at Cambridge as an instructor. He decided that the time had now come to solve the major problem of the universe.

In a few months he roughed out a solution which seemed to him fairly close to the truth. But he lacked information on recent observations. He asked his former pro-

fessor, James Challis, director of the Cambridge observatory, to secure this information from the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich.

In February, 1844, the data from Greenwich arrived, and Adams really went to work. No guesses would do now. For a year and a half he weighed his figures of mass, motion, and force against each other. In September, 1845, he handed a paper containing his conclusions to Professor Challis. In the paper he gave the mass, the heliocentric longitude, and the elements of the orbit of the undiscovered planet which he assumed to be the cause of Uranus' eccentricity. With those figures an observer would know within very narrow limits where to look for the new planet.

Since Challis was in charge of the Cambridge observatory, you would expect him to take a quick look through his telescope at the area indicated. For several good reasons he did not. For one thing, telescopes were scarce. Their use was planned far in advance. To save duplication, schedules of British observatories were coordinated by the Astronomer Royal, who at that time was Sir George Airy. Sir George's permission was necessary, unless Professor Challis chose to play hooky with his telescope.

In the second place, while Adams' reasoning was good, he had been forced to make two assumptions, either of which, if wrong, might make his conclusions worthless.

Suppose, for instance, there were *two* unknown planets instead of one. In that case, neither would be found at the specified location. It would be like two men pulling a weight with two ropes; they would draw the weight towards a point between them.

Or suppose that Bode's "law," upon which Adams had based his estimate of distance, did not apply. Bode had noticed that the distance of the planets from each other grew greater in a definite ratio as they progressed outwards from the sun. But everyone recognized that his "law" was a mere observation of fact, without basis in reason. It was a good chance, but no more, that the relationship which held in seven cases would hold in the eighth.

Despite the loopholes, however, Challis felt that the paper was well worth Sir George's consideration. He wrote a letter to Sir George and made arrangements for Adams to take the manuscript to Greenwich for personal discussion with the Astronomer Royal.

At this point the human element came into the picture.

WHAT the name of Bonehead Merkle is to baseball, the name of Sir George Airy is to science, especially among his own countrymen. The boner of which Airy was guilty in connection with the discovery of Neptune is, without question, the classic of its type. Lest he be judged solely on the basis of that one lapse

of judgment, it is only fair to say that otherwise he had a noteworthy career.

Exactly what took place, and why, will never be known. Twice Adams went to Greenwich under the impression that he had an appointment with Sir George. Neither time was he able to see him. At any rate, Adams left the manuscript with a clerk at the Royal Observatory for Sir George to do with as he saw fit. Adams returned to Cambridge with no intention of making the trip again.

Sir George read the manuscript, but he was not impressed. To his way of thinking, the problem of locating the unknown planet (if one existed) was impossible of solution. Moreover, one fact which Adams had failed to mention seemed to Sir George vitally important. Not only had Uranus slowed down, but also its radius vector, that is, the planet's distance from the sun, had varied unaccountably. Sir George himself had discovered that discrepancy in the radius vector, and had made the discovery the subject of a paper ten years before.

After some correspondence between Sir George and Professor Challis, the Astronomer Royal finally wrote a letter direct to Adams, asking a question about the radius vector. Adams did not reply. And there the matter rested. Sir George, with accustomed efficiency, filed the manuscript in a pigeonhole of his desk.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the same month which saw Adams hand his completed paper to Professor Challis saw a 35-year-old professor of astronomy at the Ecole Polytechnique reach a difficult decision. Urbain-Jean-Joseph Leverrier had been working on a comet for several years. He wished to finish it. But all summer M. Arago, dean of French astronomers, had been after him to take up the riddle of Uranus. Finally, in September, 1845, Leverrier gave in.

The way to resolve a complex problem, Leverrier thought, was to publish your conclusions as you reached them. By that method you submitted your work to competent criticism. In case you overlooked anything, someone was sure to point it out before you wasted too much time. Secondly, in case you should die, the ground you had covered would not have to be gone over again. Your work would not be lost. And finally, over and above these practical considerations, there was the psychological lift you got with each publication.

His first step was to check carefully the effects of Jupiter and Saturn, its nearest neighbors, on Uranus.

In November, 1845, Leverrier read the first of his papers to the French Academy. M. Arago beamed. Only two months, and already M. Leverrier had proved to the satisfaction of everyone that previous calculations of the effects of Jupiter and Saturn

on the planet Uranus were in error.

On June 1, 1846, Leverrier read his second paper to the Academy. Therein he proved beyond reasonable doubt: 1. that the known facts about Uranus could be explained by existence of another planet much farther from the sun; and 2. that the known facts could not be explained by any other type of cause.

So far, so good. Congratulations came from all sides. No one disputed Leverrier's conclusions. There were a few questions of course. From Sir George Airy in England, for instance, came a letter asking whether Leverrier's theory explained the discrepancy in the radius vector of Uranus. That one made Leverrier smile a little. It revealed the danger against which every scientist had to be on guard, the tendency to think something very important because he had been the first to notice it. He wrote a friendly note to Sir George, assuring him that the point was well taken, and that he would give it due consideration.

Leverrier's groundwork was now complete. The task remained of constructing the mathematical tripod pointing to the unknown planet.

SIR GEORGE AIRY was worried. Suppose Leverrier should arrive at the same figures as that young fellow Adams? And suppose that on the basis of Leverrier's figures the planet should be found? What would be the public attitude towards Sir George, in whose desk Adams' man-

uscript had been gathering dust these seven months?

In the early part of July, 1846, Sir George wrote a letter to Professor Challis, suggesting that he begin a search of the area indicated by Adams. Between them they agreed on a plan which could not fail, provided the unknown planet actually existed.

Challis was to chart an area 30° wide and 10° high, including not only stars of the 8th and 9th magnitudes but those of 10th and 11th magnitudes as well. Having completed this chart, he was to start over the area again. If any of the "stars" had moved, he would know that it was not a star but the long-sought planet.

Challis began his observations on July 29. Because of the project's importance, he would permit no one to help. By the end of September he had recorded more than 3,000 observations.

The *Comptes Rendus* published Leverrier's figures on Aug. 31. Sir George compared them with those in Adams' manuscript. The two sets were practically identical. If there were two points of light, one of which fitted Adams' figures and another which fitted Leverrier's, they would be so close together as to look like one to the naked eye.

LEVERRIER had based his calculations on the position which the unknown planet would occupy on Jan. 1, 1847. To complete his project, the final

step remained of calculating the plane of its orbit. He knew that it must be very close to the ecliptic, that is, the earth's plane, for Uranus had not been pulled much from its predicted latitude. Still, the question had to be settled before he could go back to his comets. He went to work at once on his final paper.

But suddenly an idea occurred to him. Why wait until Jan. 1 to look for the planet? It would be simple to figure backwards to where it was now. He could send the figures to John Galle in Berlin. If any observer could find it, Galle was the man.

IN THE darkened room, d'Arrest was thinking of Leverrier. If he himself was disappointed, imagine how Leverrier would feel.

The published papers, of course, could stand on their merits. Leverrier had made plain just what he had had to assume. No one would blame him if those assumptions did not fit the facts.

But the letter he had written Herr Galle was no carefully phrased scientific communiqué. Leverrier had called his shot.

"Direct your telescope," he had instructed Herr Galle, "to a point on the ecliptic in the constellation of Aquarius, in longitude 326° , and you will find within a degree of that place a new planet looking like a star of about the 9th magnitude and having a perceptible disc."

But now Herr Galle, having followed instructions, could find no

object in that vicinity which showed a disc. In that case—

"Herr Galle!" cried d'Arrest suddenly. "The maps!"

Herr Galle withdrew his eye from the eyepiece.

"What maps?"

"The maps of Dr. Bremiker!" D'Arrest tried to keep his voice calm. "They are here in the drawer. They are not all done, but I think the region of Aquarius has been charted. If one were to compare...."

Quickly Herr Galle leafed through the sheets which d'Arrest handed him.

"You are right," he said. "Hour XXI. Now we shall see."

He spread the chart flat on the desk. For several long minutes he studied it carefully, checking the star pattern before him against the image in his mind. There were several points of doubt. "I must look again," he said.

IN THE darkness, d'Arrest scarcely breathed, lest the vibration upset Herr Galle's vision. Suddenly Herr Galle spoke. "Let me see the chart."

Quickly d'Arrest turned up the lamp. Again the two men bent over the chart. Herr Galle placed his finger on a certain spot. "The telescope is pointed at a star of the 8th magnitude which is located exactly there." He lifted his head and looked straight into d'Arrest's eyes. They both began to smile. "As you see," Herr Galle continued, "on the chart that spot is blank. What I see in the

telescope is not a star. It is Leverrier's planet!"

With finding of the new planet, a storm of controversy broke out. Who was to have the credit? M. Leverrier, of course, fumed M. Arago. Who, he demanded to know, was this English impostor who claimed to have anticipated M. Leverrier's magnificent achievement?

Pressed by the Royal Astronomical society, Sir George defended the claims of Adams, thus tacitly admitting his own misjudgment. But to the end of his long life he maintained that if Adams had answered that question about the radius vector, things might have been different.

Challis likewise had something to regret. After Galle's observation was publicized, Challis found that he had observed the planet twice, at intervals two weeks apart. Had he compared his observations as he went along, he could have announced the discovery weeks ahead of Galle.

Neither Adams nor Leverrier was anything but magnanimous towards the other. A few months after the discovery they met in England and became warm personal friends. Both of them were to go on to additional triumphs, and were to receive all the honors any man should desire.

Adams was offered a knighthood, and upon Sir George Airy's retirement, the post of Astronomer Royal. He declined both offers, preferring to remain at Cambridge as a research professor. Twice again he

won the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical society, and in the eyes of his countrymen he ranks next to Newton as a mathematician. He died in 1892 and was buried at Cambridge, where a biannual prize for the best essay in astronomy, mathematics, or physics is awarded in his name to commemorate his "deductive discovery" of the planet Neptune.

Leverrier succeeded M. Arago as director of the Paris observatory. His greatest project, which he completed only three weeks before his death in 1877, was the calculation of the effect of *all* the planets on each other, a mathematical epic in which the discovery of Neptune took its place as an incidental chapter.

Perhaps his most spectacular achievement had to do with weather forecasting. During the Crimean

war, in 1853, the French navy suffered severe losses from a storm on the Black sea. Leverrier, the hero of the hour, was asked to investigate the possibility of forecasting such storms. He gathered data which proved that the path of the storm could have been predicted, and indicated how, by use of the newly invented telegraph, such disasters might be averted by warnings sent ahead of the storms. Thus he may rightly be called the father of the scientific weather map.

As for the discovery of Neptune, now that all personal feeling has vanished, both Adams and Leverrier are rendered full justice. Fantastic though it may sound, the considered verdict of history is that each of the two men is rightfully entitled to be known as sole and unaided discoverer of the same planet.



How Are Things in Nivski-Skoura?

THE two Czech friends had not met since before the new order. "And how are things, Moe?" asked Jan. "Oh, I'm busy enough." "What are you doing now?" "I am in business making bricks," Moe said. "Bricks! Fine. That's a good business. People will always need bricks. You must be making lots of money. Who are you selling to?" "I sell the bricks to Sweden." "Fine. Sweden. That's a hard-currency country. That ought to be good." "Yes, but I don't get currency. I get steel for the bricks." "Fine. Everybody needs steel. You must make lots of money. Where do you sell the steel?" "I sell the steel to Russia." "Fine. Russia can use it. That should be good. Russia is a hard-currency country. They pay you cash?" "No. They give me mud to make more bricks."

Lt.-Col. George Schrantz, U. S. Army, Salzburg, Austria.

In Canada, the fellow with the family gets a helping hand

Where Babies Mean Money

By BILL DAVIDSON

Condensed from *Collier's**

JOSEPH SMALLWOOD of Gambo, Newfoundland, a five-foot-five, hatchet-faced bundle of energy, has been printer, newspaper reporter, pig farmer, bowery bum, campaigner for presidential candidate Bob La Follette, movie publicity man, founder of fishermen's cooperatives, author, bootblack, union organizer, and writer and narrator of a fabulously profitable radio soap opera called *The Barrelman*. At 48, Smallwood could still be in those occupations today—except for one thing, which has made him the Abraham Lincoln of Newfoundland.

That one thing is a revolutionary piece of Canadian legislation called "8 George VI, The Family Allowances Act, 1944." Because of it the government automatically mails a monthly check to Canada's mothers to help them raise their children.

When Newfoundland decided, in July, 1948, to vote



to remain independent or become Canada's 10th province, Smallwood put on his most attractive bow tie, hired a private plane, and barnstormed by air to nearly every one of Newfoundland's 1,300 villages. In each poverty-stricken little fishing town he singled out one of the fishermen (he claims to know at least one third of the island's inhabitants by name) and said, "Jim Parson, there! How much money do you fishermen make in a year?"

"Oh," Parson would reply, "about \$400 or \$500 a year."

Whereupon Smallwood would lower a bony finger at the man, and thunder, "And do you know you'll be getting that much for your children in family allowances, if Newfoundland becomes part of Canada?"

Later, when he ran for premier in Newfoundland's first provincial elections, Smallwood pointed the same

finger at the village postmaster, and roared, "Johnny Taylor, there! How many family allowance checks did you distribute to the people this month?"

"About 350, Joey," the postmaster answered.

"Hear that?" Joey proclaimed triumphantly. "Three hundred and fifty checks, more than \$5,000 a month, to help free the people of this village from economic slavery!"

Smallwood saved the union-with-Canada movement by a comfortable majority. It had been considered impossible because Newfoundland, which is controlled by a handful of great corporations, had fought bitterly against joining since the area was first colonized in the 16th century.

Confederation of those vital 43,000 square miles with Canada is only one of the results of family allowances. Canada's milk consumption jumped from 331 million pounds in July, 1945 (the month the family allowances went into effect), to a high of 370 million pounds just one year later. In that same period, Canada's infant mortality rate dropped from 51 to 47 per 1,000, and the monthly production of children's shoes rocketed from 762,000 to 1,180,000 pairs.

The head of Quebec's largest department store wrote to the government, "We never had an infants' wear department before, but thanks to you, we're selling so much children's clothing that we have to in-

stall one now." Near the Arctic Circle a Hudson's Bay company trading post, which in 1944 had sold 98 cases of canned tomatoes, two cases of powdered milk, and no Pablum baby food at all to its Indian and Eskimo customers, was selling 1,016 cases of canned tomatoes, 989 cases of powdered milk, and 1,263 cases of Pablum annually within two years after the act went into effect.

The Family Allowances act gives every mother in Canada with children under the age of 16 a monthly check from the government. The purpose is to supply milk, oranges, vitamins, music lessons, higher education, better shoes and clothing. The checks, which go to rich and poor alike, total \$5 a month for each child under the age of six; \$6 for children six to ten; \$7 for those ten-to-13 years; and \$8 for those in the 13-to-16-year bracket. No strings are attached to the grant. It is paid directly from the treasury without special tax.

The theory of the allowance is this. Two Canadian workers named Throckmorton and Heathcliff work side by side in a factory. Both men do the same job and receive the same wage, \$37.50 a week. Throckmorton, a bachelor, gets along well on his \$37.50, living in a one-room apartment, eating satisfactorily. Heathcliff, with a wife and three children, is engaged in a constant struggle to make ends meet. Since it would be unfair to pay Heathcliff a higher

wage for doing the same work, and since his company probably would fire him and hire a single man rather than pay such a wage increase, there is no way to equalize the actual pay of Heathcliff and Throckmorton within the existing wage system.

Prevent Heathcliff's parenthood from being a penalty! That was the principal argument that zoomed family allowances through Parliament by unanimous vote in 1944.

Today, bachelor Throckmorton still does all right on his \$37.50 a week. Heathcliff is aided in raising his children with an extra \$21 a month paid to his wife by the government. Industry is happy, too, because it doesn't have to give Heathcliff a raise or fire him for asking for one.

The unexpected manna tastes sweet to its recipients. A mother in Caledonia, Ontario, wrote, "Yesterday I had my oldest boy's eyes tested and I was alarmed to learn that he would have gone blind in a matter of five years if he had not had attention. The child allowance made it possible for me to get the glasses he needs so badly."

In Ottawa, I spoke with Mrs. Arthur Asquith. "The allowance is God's gift," she said. "I never have seen so many children in our vicinity with new snow suits and rubbers. For the first time I can afford to give my children all the oranges, vegetables, and cod-liver oil they need; and for the first time they

haven't been plagued with colds."

In Selkirk, Manitoba, an Indian mother told me, "My sons in the North say game was so scarce this year their children might have starved if it weren't for family allowances. It is the first year we do not have a new case of tuberculosis among our grandchildren."

Family allowances are accepted today as an integral part of Canadian life. Just across the U. S. border the allowances are cause for shudders. Many attack them as a totalitarian baby-spawning scheme reminiscent of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia.

It never was the objective of family allowances to increase the size of families. Actually, Canada was not the pioneer, but the 33rd nation to distribute family allowances to its people. The first recorded proposal of such a scheme was made by England's great statesman, William Pitt, in 1795. He said in Parliament, "Let us make relief, in cases where there are a number of children, a matter of right and honor, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt. This will make the large family a blessing and not a curse, and provide for those who, after having enriched their country with a number of children, have a claim upon its assistance for their support." Pitt's bill ended up in the wastebasket.

For more than a century after that the industrial revolution bestirred similar proposals, all of which met a similar fate. Finally, in the eco-

nomic unrest after the 1st World War, several nations came through with limited family-allowance payments (mostly by industry), and crusaders sprang up in other countries. One was a French-Canadian Catholic priest named Father Leon Lebel, who considered that family allowances were the No. 1 objective of the papal encyclicals on social justice.

Father Lebel took the stump for family allowances throughout the 1920's. In 1929, he forced Canada's Parliament to set up a committee to look into the matter. When the committee's report was adverse, Father Lebel took the stump again. For 13 more years his was a lone voice to which little attention was paid. He lectured, testified before committees, and wrote articles and books. Finally, a disappointed old man, he retired.

Other men rose in his footsteps. George Davidson, then head of the powerful Canadian Welfare council, made a speech in 1942 advocating family allowances. Britain's Beveridge report advocated them. Three months later, Canada's Marsh report had a whole chapter on the subject. All of which finally attracted the attention of Deputy Finance Minister W. Clifford Clark, who sold the idea to Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

In Parliament the opposition screamed. Conservatives claimed the bill was pure socialism, a vote-getting bribe. Ontario bellowed that the

idea was to separate her from wealth — a French-Canadian plot to enrich Quebec, with its large Catholic families. Leading social workers protested that they and not the government should handle the country's child-welfare problems. Labor fussed that family allowances would be rung in as a substitute for wage increases.

But the popular appeal was so overwhelming that after only three days of debate, the Family Allowances bill passed on Aug. 1, 1944, without a single member of Parliament daring to vote against it.

That night old Father Lebel smiled quietly to himself and offered up a special prayer of thanks. Then, sightless in one eye and nearly 70 years old, he began a new crusade, to teach French Canadians how best to use their family allowances.

Today Canada's family allowances are administered by a small staff of fewer than 2,000 people scattered among 10 regional offices in the 10 provinces. Any child in Canada under the age of 16 is eligible (except for immigrants who have been in the country less than one year). All a mother has to do is go to the nearest post office, fill out a simple form, and mail it to the office set up for her province. Payments begin within a few weeks.

The process is so simple that one of the early criticisms leveled at it was that it was wide open for fraud and misuse. Actually there have been only 15 fraud prosecutions in

the four years of the act's operation. In 1948 there were just 1,333 charges of misuse, of which 859 were found to be groundless.

In a famous case in St. Catharine's, Ontario, a disgruntled machinist felt that he had paid the government too much money in income taxes, and decided that family allowances were a good method of getting some of it back. He then had his wife fill out an application form for six nonexistent children, all of whom had been born to the couple, but had died in infancy. The application went through, the births were verified, and the couple blithely collected more than \$500 over a period of a year and a half.

Those were the early days of the act, and the Toronto office still hadn't looked at the Ontario death lists. One day a clerk began checking death records for St. Catharine's. He spotted the names of the six infants, whistled, and saw his boss, Regional Director Fred C. Jackson. Within a few minutes Jackson had the Mounted Police on the phone; and in a short time the culprit was before a magistrate, and sentenced.

In cases where the parent is charged with misspending the child's allowance, the local Children's Aid society does the investigating for the government. Such instances are rare, because the mother instinct is a powerful moral force. That's why, too, the government pays the money to the mother.

Most accusations of misuse origi-

nate in spiteful anonymous letters. Such accusations seldom stick. Most of the problems crossing the administrators' desks are borderline matters in which there was no intent to defraud the government.

A woman in Quebec was accused of using her children's allowances to have a new roof built on her house. When National Director Curry looked into the matter, he found that the children had been sleeping directly under the roof, which had leaked badly. The children were continually wet and sick with colds. "I guess," said Curry, "that keeping children dry and well comes under the heading of health and welfare. Case dismissed."

• By the same token, Curry allowed a group of Eskimos at Aklavik in the eastern Arctic to pool their allowances to buy a motor boat to replace their native kayaks. The theory was that they could provide better food for their children with a modern fishing and hunting vessel.

At first it was thought that the Indians and the Eskimos would present a problem, but they have proved to be no different from anyone else. Nearly 90% of the Indians receive their checks in the mail and spend them the same as every other Canadian. A special procedure must be followed only in the case of the more primitive Indian tribes and with nomadic Eskimos.

Since the diet of the North used to consist solely of meat, fish, and bannock (ahardtack made of flour,

lard, bacon, and baking powder), family allowances have brought the northern peoples foods they never tasted before. Resulting improvement in health is obvious.

To Joey Smallwood and hard-headed Liberal politicians in Ottawa, the primary objective of family allowances was economic—a daring scheme to bolster the economy of the nation. Ever since the 1800's, Canada has had three wealthy industrial provinces, Ontario, British Columbia, and Quebec, and six comparatively poor zones that were sometimes near bankruptcy because their economy was tied to a single item, like wheat or fish.

Family allowances have redistributed part of the wealth of the country from the rich to the poor provinces: a gargantuan feat comparable to moving Buffalo, N. Y., and its entire resources into the heartland of Arkansas.

The mathematics of this is simple. Wealthy Ontario pays 47% of Canada's taxes. Ontario's people, however, receive back only 28% of the total of family allowances, since they constitute only that percentage of the nation's population. Every month, a large proportion of Ontario's cash goes out in family allowances to the poorer prairie and maritime provinces.

Family allowances also redistribute some of Canada's wealth from the rich to the poor. Family allowances are paid out of regular gov-

ernment revenue, the income tax, corporation taxes, and excise taxes, which are lower now than they were during the war years, but not as low as they would be were there no baby bonus.

Married persons who earn less than \$2,000 a year in Canada do not pay income taxes. They receive allowances without putting anything back into the treasury. Wealthier persons, on the other hand, pay more taxes than they take out in family allowances. The turning point is near the \$3,000-a-year level, where it is just about an even break. Incomes below this point account for 62% of the population.

Canadian official statisticians say family allowances provide an economic cushion of \$290 million a year. They credit this with helping to keep Canada on an even keel. This \$290 million is in almost constant motion, for the people use it to purchase food and clothing for their children. The level of business remains uniformly high, and even merchants, who contribute a good share of the taxes, are happy.

Canada's deputy minister of welfare, George Davidson, says, "We don't think Canada can have a depression like that of the 1930's again. Fear is one of the principal factors in a depression, and a man doesn't become panic-stricken when he knows that whatever happens to his job, he will have money coming in to help feed his children. We already have had some evidence of this lack

of fear in two major Canadian strikes, and in the drought-stricken areas of the prairie provinces this year."

It is no wonder that ex-Prime Minister King told the Liberal party convention last year, "Family allowances are the cornerstone of the Liberal party's social-security program for Canada." According to neutral observers, this really means, "Family allowances are the cornerstone of the program that will serve to keep the Liberal party in power over the opposition of the Tory and Socialist parties."

Recent history bears this out. In the last two national elections, the Liberals campaigned on the platform: "We are the party that gave you family allowances." And in last summer's landslide victory, every Liberal candidate for Parliament was armed with copies of remarks which Conservative leader George Drew had made against family allowances.

The result became so apparent that, even before election day, Drew promised that if the Tories were elected, they would not repeal the Family Allowances act.



For Friends We Mourn

IN EVERY Holy Year, a condition for gaining the special Holy Year plenary indulgence is to visit the four "major" basilicas in Rome. Exemptions from this condition are laid down for certain persons whose health, age, or other conditions would not permit them to travel to the Holy City.

This year there is one extra group so specified who can gain the indulgences without visiting Rome: those who live in communist-controlled countries.

The decrees promulgated by the Holy See, which set forth all these matters, make one mention of communism by name—a thing that has not happened in any previous Holy Year documents. The specific reference concerns the absolution of persons who have been excommunicated under the decree of communism of last July, but repent and come to Rome during the Holy Year for the sacrament of Penance.

Sebastian Miklas (NCWC) 18 Sept. '49.

A prison-camp brigadier learns how Soviet psychiatrists turn sane men into idiots

Experimenting for the NKVD

By VLADIMIR PETROV

Condensed chapter of a book*

The CATHOLIC DIGEST published Vladimir Petrov's complete story in September, 1948. That article told how Petrov, a Leningrad engineering student, had been framed by an NKVD agent in 1935. On the basis of some "dangerous correspondence" with American stamp collectors, he was sentenced to six years at hard labor in Siberia. There he worked in the Dalstroy gold fields, mostly as supervisor of a work crew. He was released in 1941, but was then captured in the Ukraine by the Germans, from whom he escaped to America. At present he is teaching at Yale university. Here he tells the story of an ex-NKVD psychiatrist he met in the mines.

NE morning before work started, a tall, youthful man, apparently in excellent condition, approached and handed me a slip from the camp commander instructing me to take him into my brigade. I issued the man a shovel and a long pickax and showed him where to work. From that day on he reported on the dot every morning and conscientiously accomplished what he was told to do.

He was silent, more silent than the other prisoners, who were reserved enough. He never told anyone why he had been sent to a concentra-

tion camp or what he had done before his arrest. And according to the unwritten law of the camp I never questioned him.

However, a few weeks later, I learned a puzzling fact. As I was sitting in the camp office and marking the percentage of the quota that each worker had fulfilled (this determined the size of each man's ration for the next month), I noticed that this silent man was a horse of a different color from the rest of us. Our brigade was made up exclusively of men accused of anti-Soviet activities, but this man, whose name was Komarov, had been convicted under the article of the Criminal Code which dealt with illegal abortions.

This surprised me, because in the camp only "political" prisoners worked as ordinary laborers; the criminal prisoners had privileged positions in the kitchen, in the baths, or in the barbershop. I turned to the camp commander, who had walked in as I was looking over the list.

"Citizen commander, if it isn't a secret, could you please explain to me why Komarov has been sent into a gang of counterrevolutionaries

*Soviet Gold. Copyright, 1949, by Farrar, Straus and Co., 53 E. 34th St., New York City.

when his only sin was an illegal abortion?"

"If you know too much, you'll grow old quicker," answered the camp commander. "It's orders."

"Who ordered it?"

"An NKVD representative. That's enough, no more questions."

I was intrigued and eager to get to the bottom of the business. Chance helped me. One morning as I was walking from one end of the mine to the other I saw a young overseer knock one of the workers down and kick him with his heavy boots. Coming closer, I saw that the worker was Komarov. I grabbed the overseer by the elbow and shoved him away from the man.

The overseer turned on me with raised fists and curses and rushed at me, beside himself with rage. I ran. That summer, for the slightest insult to the administration, a prisoner could pay with his head. Luckily, the chief engineer of the mine knew me from better times and treated me well. I dashed into his office, followed by the enraged overseer. The chief engineer began to talk to the overseer while I fled out the other door.

When I reached him Komarov was sitting on the ground, moaning quietly. Blood was dripping down his face. When I tried to lift him up, he shuddered with pain.

"I'm afraid he broke one of my ribs. If you hadn't come along and pulled him off me, he probably would have killed me."

"What did he jump on you for?"

"He jumped over the ditch where I was working and pushed me into the water, obviously on purpose. He stood there laughing at me. I climbed out of the water and told him I would complain to the manager of the mine. That made him furious."

"Don't ever try and threaten the administration with anything," I said. "You haven't been in the camp long, have you?"

"That's right; not much over a year."

"I can see that." I took him aside and told him to rest until lunch, and that I would take the responsibility for the work myself. After lunch he did not feel better, so I sent him to the very end of the mine where he was not likely to be seen.

In the evening after work Komarov went to the camp dispensary to ask for a couple of days' rest, but the medical orderly laughed at him and threw him out. The next day, therefore, I sent him to the far end of the workings so that he could avoid work and lie in the shade of the big blueberry bush where I occasionally rested myself, taking advantage of my privileged position as brigadier.

"Well, how are you now?" I asked, after I had looked over all my workers and decided that things were progressing properly. He cursed.

"Sh-h-h! Don't talk so loudly, Komarov! Don't ever curse the management, even when it isn't listen-

ing. It may be habit-forming. You have to respect the management if you want to stay alive."

"People like that overseer should have their heads torn off. And I won't miss the chance if ever it turns up."

"Oho!" I was surprised. "To take off overseers' heads you have to have a lot of influence. Do you have any?"

"I had influence and I will have it; that I know. I'm waiting for my release to come through any day. When I get back to Moscow, I'll tell the right people and then. . . ."

"Were you arrested in Moscow?"

"That's just the trouble. It wasn't in Moscow. There I wouldn't have stayed in jail three days. I was arrested by accident, in Sochi, where I was spending my vacation."

"I know," I said, "for abortion."

"You know already? That's right. The wife of a very important man talked me into giving her an abortion; apparently the husband was not involved at all. But he arrived unexpectedly that day and his fool wife began to walk in the park with him so that he wouldn't suspect anything—right after the operation, too. Naturally she had to be sent to the hospital, and everything came to light. I don't know what happened between them, but I was arrested and got my verdict three days later: five years in a concentration camp."

"Are you a surgeon?"

"No, I'm a psychiatrist, but I know enough surgery for an operation like that. I practice sometimes."

"You used to practice," I corrected him.

"Yes, and I will practice again."

"Did you work as a psychiatrist in Moscow?"

"Yes, in Moscow." Here he suddenly cut the conversation short with a curt, "That's all. I can't tell you any more."

Somewhat annoyed, I shrugged my shoulders.

"Just as you wish. You started telling me yourself, and I'm not a curious man. I'll leave you alone with your secrets."

But whatever his reason, the next time we met he renewed the conversation.

"Please don't be annoyed with me. If you wish I'll tell you something about myself—that is, if nobody else will find out anything about it."

"Tell me if you wish, but you've got a perfect right to keep your secrets. I'm not an investigator."

"All right, listen, and you'll understand about me. I've been a professor of psychiatry since 1935. I used to work in the Moscow psychiatric clinic. I was especially interested in new ways to cure mental defectives and idiots. I wrote a book on the effect of a man's environment on his mental state, in which I worked out a whole series of methods for treating patients. My experiments were successful, and my work attracted attention. And then the NKVD called me. . . ."

"Do they have idiots there?" I asked naively.

"Perhaps they have, but they didn't call me to treat them. They proposed that I start investigating the reverse process."

"I don't understand," I said.

"They were interested in finding out how a normal man could be turned into an idiot. I could not refuse. They told me quite clearly that a refusal would be considered a refusal to cooperate with the Soviet regime, counterrevolution. They said that if I refused they would make me a prisoner and force me to work at it."

"That's logical enough—go on."

"Well, besides all that, the problem began to interest me as a specialist. They gave me all the facilities I needed for experiments. I conducted observations on the prisoners in Moscow jails, in the camps near Moscow, and even on the Baltic-White-sea canal. According to my instructions, the camp administrations made certain changes in the regime of the prisoners. I had broad powers from the NKVD."

"I don't quite follow. What kind of changes?"

"Various kinds. Changes in the rations, in the treatment of arrested people, in the work in the camps."

"In other words, according to your instructions the prisoners were starved, beaten up, and worn out at work, is that it?"

"Why use such strong expressions? You understand, this was a scientific investigation. I tested the same subjects again and again ac-

cording to a specially worked-out system, made my conclusions, and reported to the NKVD. They were very pleased with me there."

"Did you get any results?"

"Oh, yes, considerable ones. It turned out that it's much easier to make a normal man into an idiot than vice versa. Systematic starvation with hard physical labor produces brilliant results. You don't even have to beat people up very much. Normally, a couple of years under such conditions are enough for a man's mental capacities to decrease by 50%. Of course, I'm talking about mass operations. In individual cases the results were astounding."

"Tell me, did you try to restore the minds of the people you were experimenting with?" I asked.

"Yes, of course, I tried on my own initiative. The NKVD didn't make any demands on me in that direction."

"Successfully?"

"Usually, yes, in cases where mental degeneration had not gone beyond certain limits. But the cure was very complicated and naturally unavailable for the majority."

I began to regret very strongly that I hadn't let the overseer smash the talented professor's head in, and I was tempted to say so in no uncertain terms, but my curiosity got the upper hand and I kept quiet.

Komarov was really a laboratory rat, who had lived entirely in the artificial world of his scientific ac-

tivities. Otherwise he would not have dared talk to me so frankly about such secret matters. He was convinced that the NKVD needed him and that he would soon be recalled to Moscow to go on with his experiments. For this reason he talked down to me somewhat.

Of course it would not have been hard for me to cut short Komarov's career. A word to anyone in the camp administration about our conversations would have been sufficient. However, in the first place I did not like to report people; in the second place, I had learned enough from the professor to be liquidated along with him; and thirdly, I hoped to learn more.

After this last conversation Komarov became franker, although most of his stories consisted of rather boring technical accounts of his activities. But once the conversation turned to getting confessions out of people, to methods of forcing men of strong will power to confess publicly to crimes they had never committed. We discussed the recent Moscow trials, at which many important communists had been condemned to death for their opposition to Stalin.

On this question Komarov was unexpectedly well-informed. He told me that one of his colleagues, also a Moscow professor, had performed experiments along this line, also under the patronage of the NKVD.

"All the political prisoners in the

USSR are divided into two categories," he said. "The first, the most numerous, are those who never have an open trial. The second, a very few, are former bigwigs who are tried at big public trials, like the ones we were discussing.

"The first category is also divided into two groups. One consists of those who have nothing to tell because they have done nothing and the NKVD knows that perfectly well. Sometimes, according to the zeal of the NKVD investigator, they are forced to make untrue statements. They are simply forced to sign what the investigator has made up. Sometimes they are stubborn at first, not realizing the hopelessness of their position, but finally they confess.

"The investigator often doesn't even bother to get the signature of the accused on the confession. He signs it himself. Who's going to check up whether the accused signed it personally or not? There's not going to be a trial anyway. But if he wants the prisoner to denounce and involve other people, or if he thinks the accused may have something to hide, then all the methods are applied, and usually with complete success.

"The investigator has a hundred different ways of forcing them to confess to anything. Often threats to take it out on the family of the arrested person are enough. If that doesn't work, a 50-hour interrogation without a break, with changing

investigators, is very effective. Or else they leave a man standing for two days with his face against the wall, without letting him move."

"And what if he moves away?" I asked. Komarov shrugged.

"Well, then, naturally they beat him up. They beat him until he assumes the position again. They beat people up too much. It's quite possible to find more rational methods."

"You spoke of two groups in the first category, the ones who are not to be given a public trial. Do these methods apply only to the first group?"

"Mainly to the second group, that is, to the people who really have something to tell. They are usually treated without mercy."

"Are there other methods of forcing people to talk?"

"Naturally, a great many different ones. Every NKVD office invents new methods of its own. They say that fake execution is a widely used system."

"How do you mean?"

"Very simple. They read the prisoner a fake death sentence, tie his hands with wire, and drag him down to the cellar, as if to shoot him. They put his face to the wall, cock their revolvers, and count 'One, two, three!' They don't shoot but then beat him up and make him confess. Very few get through that one."

"Yes, I remember hearing about that. Tell me what they do with the ones in your second category who are to have a public trial. It must be

inconvenient to beat them up. They could tell the public about it at the trial and there would be a worldwide scandal."

"You're quite right. They treat those people differently. There is one method. . . . But listen, be sure to keep your mouth shut about this! Some of them are told that confession is the only way to save their lives."

"But they tell that to everybody! These prisoners must know that if they confess they'll be shot," I put in.

"That's just it. They won't necessarily be shot. A lot of people condemned to be shot are not shot, even if the papers report that the sentence has been carried out. The accused is often introduced to someone he has thought was shot a long time before. That helps a lot."

"But among all those important people on public trial there must be some men of conviction upon whom none of these methods will work. And at the trial they can loudly state what they actually think. After all, a few words are enough to spoil the whole show."

"There are very few people like that in our times."

"But what if there should be some, what then?"

"Then . . ." Komarov was silent for a moment, apparently embarrassed. "Then methods which our scientists have invented are put into use. If those methods were ever publicized there would be very great repercussions abroad."

"What are these methods?" I asked, greatly interested.

"I'll try to explain them to you in such a way that you'll understand. First, the subject is observed and studied by specialists, neuro-pathologists, who tell their conclusions to the investigator. He is usually extremely well prepared for his job and very efficient. His first problem is to bring the tension on the subject's nervous system to the highest possible limits. This can be accomplished fairly easily by the methods of which I have told you before. The subject is artificially kept in a constant state of excitement. He is indignant; he rants and raves for hours and hours.

"After a time his store of nervous energy is exhausted from the unending interrogation, insults, and hunger, and often from the tortures of thirst induced by a salty diet and little water. And then, naturally, he sees nobody but his investigators.

"After this the main procedure begins. Certain preparations are introduced into the subject, usually in his food. They have a weakening effect on the nervous system and the brain. After a while the subject loses the capacity for independent individual thought. However, his memory is not weakened at all and he still is able to think logically to a certain extent.

"Then comes the final phase. Certain thoughts, ideas, and false facts are introduced into the subject's mind, thoughts which he would re-

ject normally. This is not hypnosis. You can't hypnotize a person so that he will automatically repeat everything suggested to him at the trial. If the prosecutor or the judge departed from what the subject had learned, it would spoil everything.

"The investigator, basing his story on facts known to the subject, simply begins to tell him his version of the affair. He no longer asks questions. He merely relates his version, slowly and convincingly. If the subject cannot take it all in at once, it is repeated to him from the beginning. Since the scope of the coming trial is determined in advance and there can be no unexpected questions, it is not too hard to train the subject as desired.

"The main thing is to get the subject to admit that he is guilty. The NKVD has its own logic. Sometimes the prisoner is made to write down his new statements in his own hand. Visual memory is often an aid. In later questioning, statements written in his own hand convince him of other crimes he is supposed to have committed. Finally the prisoner confirms everything that the investigator has told him. He is ready, and finally convinced. He will repeat what has been placed in his mind, but in his own words. Facts which never existed in reality are sealed there, everything, even visual impressions."

"How can the prisoner believe something he hasn't seen?" I asked.

"Let me give you an example,"

Komarov said. "Suppose they want Pyatakov* to confess that he met Trotsky in Stockholm. He has told the investigator what cafe he frequented there; he already has a visual impression. Into the cafe which Pyatakov knows, the investigator brings Trotsky, whom he also knows. Then the investigator sets up a fictitious conversation between them. Finally Pyatakov takes everything the investigator has told him into his mind, which has been prepared for this by drugs. The new condition remains during the trial. After each judicial session the 'memory' of the accused must be 'refreshed.'

*Pyatakov was the principal defendant at one of the Moscow purge trials.

ed.' The subject's whole preparation usually takes from one to three months. That's about all. The rest you know."

I was silent. All this information was too new to me for comment. Komarov's statements explained a great deal that had puzzled me about the Moscow trials.

In spite of his psychiatric knowledge Komarov did not suspect what was going on in my head, but his presence was becoming more and more repulsive to me. Without saying a word I got up and left him.

At the end of the summer his release came through and he left for Moscow. I suppose they had more work for him.



Private Letter

AND IMMIGRANT in Sydney, Australia, received the following letter from a relative in Soviet Estonia.

"We are all doing very well. Do not send us any parcels or letters—we do not want anything from the capitalist world. Our life is different from what it was years ago. We have a room and my salary is sufficient to buy what we need.

"Juku and Manni are doing best of all. They are having a good time with their mother. They have a flat of three rooms, which you could use, too, when you come home. Do come home!"

Juku and Manni, the boy and girl referred to, are the recipient's children. They as well as their mother died before the 2nd World War. Their three rooms are their graves. With a little ingenuity it is possible to get a good deal of information past the Soviet censor.

He finally won his greatest fight of all

THE GREAT JOHN L.

By

F. L. SCHNEIDER

THIS is the story of a muscle-bound braggart, drunkard, temperance advocate, bully with a heart of gold, who slugged his way from a diet of pretzels and beer to caviar and champagne. John L. Sullivan, born in 1856, became one of the country's most fabulous characters, the No. 1 hero of his day.

As a boy in Boston he hated books and loved scrapping. One-third sport, one-third actor, and one-third egotist, the young Sullivan declared himself bare-knuckle champion and "took on" all who questioned his self-appointed title.

John L. soon realized that there was no future for him in a game which appealed only to low-brows. He covered his knuckles with leather and traveled with a theatrical group, demonstrating the art of self-defense. Footlights and billboards exposed "nice people" to Sullivan's sport, but they enjoyed it.

Theaters offered \$500 prizes to men lasting four rounds with the big Irishman; America's youth went berserk imitating John L.'s fistic



Condensed from
Times-Picayune-
*New Orleans States**

poses; boxing schools also sprang up all over the country. Even "nice people" found it clever and stimulating to be acquainted with the great John L.

At one theater engagement the manager arranged a bout for John L. with a local hopeful. Backstage, the hopeful got one look at the massive champ and ran to the nearest saloon, where he promptly got out of condition.

When the manager apologized for the cancellation of the main attraction, the audience became uncontrollably boisterous. Then the star stepped onto the stage and snarled, "My name is John L. Sullivan. And I can lick any man in this house." Only one man doubted him. But soon all doubt was erased as his limp body sailed from the stage into the orchestra pit.

In 1882, in Mississippi City, John L. was given his long-awaited opportunity, a bout with Paddy Ryan, recognized champion of the bare-knucklers. While lookouts watched for police, the great John L. captured the coveted crown before an audi-

ence which included such distinguished gentlemen as Frank and Jesse James.

John L. sent threats abroad. A fighter named Charlie Mitchell accepted an invitation. On the way to Europe, John L. stopped in England and was given a frenzied welcome by the people. Daring to be so modern as to receive a prize fighter, the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, welcomed the American hero enthusiastically and told him, "I feel as if I've known you for years, Mr. Sullivan. I've heard so much about you." Mr. Sullivan replied, "I've heard a lot about you, too, and I'm highly pleased to meet you. Do you ever put up your dukes?"

John L. was warned that Mitchell could box well and would call for some defense plan on Sullivan's part. John L. explained that he would "let the lad box for a few rounds, then put him to sleep."

But the evening did not develop as Sullivan had planned. The 39 rounds of hammering took place during a sleet storm, behind the Baron de Rothschild's stables at Chantilly, France. John L. was declared the winner, but spent the night in jail. Bare knuckles were illegal in France, too.

The following year, after rounds of fights and drinks, the champ met Jake Kilrain in Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. The fight went for 75 rounds while the mercury reached 100. To make it the best show of his career, John L. refused to sit down between

rounds. "What's the use," he said, "I gotta get right up again, ain't I?"

After victory, Sullivan was fined for breaking the law; and Kilrain, after taking two hours of Sullivan's powerful rights and lefts, was sentenced to two months in jail for "assault and battery."

Sullivan's glory continued a few more years. Then, on Sept. 7, 1892, he was challenged by a young bank clerk from California named Jim Corbett. The bout was to be fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, with gloves.

The fight was held in New Orleans, and attracted 5,000 fans from all over the continent. On a Tuesday morning, throngs at the railway station waited to catch a glimpse of Corbett, the young upstart with a scientific approach in boxing. Jim was spotted standing on the platform. Men jumped from carriages, others ran from the Algiers ferry to see the tall, slender Californian.

As he showered at the Southern Athletic club, Corbett obligingly rippled his muscles and answered questions for the press. He was 26 years old, weighed 178 pounds, was 6 feet, 1 inch tall, married, and certain of victory. The press described him as "a tremendous, slender man."

At the St. Charles hotel, Sullivan sat in his room with a fan in one hand and a chunk of ice in the other while he cursed the heat. His appearance had changed with the years; he was 34 now, his blue-black hair was flecked with gray at the

temples. And he, too, was sure of victory.

The next evening, the Olympic club, scene of the event in the 3000 block on Royal, was fast becoming filled with early arrivals. Those with reserved seats used the main entrance and passed through the parlors, beneath brilliant chandeliers. Back of the parlors was the card-and-billiard room where members puffed on cigars and argued about the fight. Beyond this room was the arena, stage for the heavyweights.

Record crowds jammed the street, neighbors hung from gallery railings and peeped through blinds to watch the commotion. General admission seats, pine boards suspended in the air, circus style, for \$15, were filled to a perspiring capacity long ahead of time.

The spectators, who smoked and chewed incessantly while they nervously fanned themselves, sat around a regulation ring which was slightly elevated and well lighted. The floor of the ring was made of hard-packed reddish-brown river sand. In one corner was Sullivan's broad, caned stool; in the other was the high-backed, slender-armed chair for Gentleman Jim.

Corbett entered the arena first, and the restless crowd screamed a welcome as he ran down the tiny clearing and climbed over the ropes. He danced around the ring, smiling. Then he sat down to wait with the crowd for the Great John L., late as usual.

When the big man entered the arena, even the men in the \$100 seats jumped to their feet and cheered loudly. He ran down the aisle, followed by his four seconds, and the arena was in complete hysteria as he jumped into the ring and threw one of his deadly glances at the black-haired "scientist." But Jim didn't tremble, he only bowed his head and smiled.

This defiance disturbed the big Irishman to a point of angry distraction, and his seconds fanned him furiously as he plopped his hulking 212 pounds onto the stool.

A man entered the ring with scales and gloves, and an ex-mayor of the city, J. V. Guillotte, announced that the fight was about to begin. The two fighters were called to the center of the ring and stood face to face while they received last-minute instructions. Corbett, two inches taller than Sullivan, was more evenly proportioned, with a tapering waist and slender legs. John L. stood erect, with his same powerful, thick neck which rested on well-shaped sloping shoulders, leading to smooth, massive arms. His belly protruded slightly just below the chest line, but it was easily seen that he was in top condition.

John L. gave the young Californian a terrific handshake, and Corbett leaped to his corner, grinning, as the great Sullivan frowned at him from over his shoulder.

The bell rang. The arena was shaken with cheers. Sullivan rushed

forward, blinking his eyelashes repeatedly; Corbett was on low guard and still grinning.

John L. was in the center of the ring and Jim danced around him, dodging blows as he got in some swift punches which seemed to weaken the mighty Sullivan. The crowd hissed and booed as Corbett continued his ballet, round and round the great hulk.

For four rounds the men exchanged slight punches to the face and neck and Corbett evaded some powerful swishes, but in the 5th round the crowd saw blood. Sullivan sent out a swinging right, Corbett ducked and landed several hard rights and lefts to Sullivan's face and mouth. John L. rubbed his glove across his bleeding nose and eye.

Corbett hit again at the bloody face and landed a terrific uppercut on Sullivan's chin. The bell ended the 5th round as the mighty Sullivan staggered to his corner, his face a bleeding mass.

His seconds worked feverishly to freshen his face and wipe away the blood which soaked his gloves.

In succeeding rounds Corbett aimed relentlessly at the mighty man's nose. He danced around and around, threw jabs to the abdomen again and again. Sullivan seemed dazed, and advanced wildly, swinging madly at the young evader.

In the 11th round, John L. got in punches to Corbett's chest and mouth and then lunged savagely toward Corbett. Jim ducked and

sent a resounding uppercut to John L.'s chin and a right to his ribs near the heart which almost knocked the wind out of the big Irishman. These effective blows were followed by a wicked left to Sullivan's side which made him grunt.

The following rounds were a series of Sullivan's wild, futile rushes and Corbett's brutal punches to the bleeding face. There were connecting light punches exchanged by both men from time to time. Then the bell sounded the 26th round. Jim drove a left straight from the shoulder with lightning speed at John L.'s jaw; Sullivan reeled, then got another hard sock on the jaw. The great man rocked to and fro on his feet and his hands dropped limply to his sides; his face was dripping with blood, which he smeared onto his head. While Sullivan tottered, Corbett sent another left to Sullivan's jaw which sent him falling helplessly to the ground. He lay there a short time and pulled himself up almost to sitting position, then fell backward. Again he struggled to rise slightly and fell back full length. Corbett leaned low, dancing around the inert mass of muscle and blood. Sullivan rose to his hands and knees, the arena trembled with wild screams and hurrahs as Corbett stood on guard, waiting for him to rise.

Then Sullivan fell hard, lying on his side, his blood absorbed in the dark-red river sand.

Corbett's seconds jumped into the

ring and threw their arms around his neck. In a blind rage he tossed the arms away and pushed himself free as he rushed toward Sullivan, lest the man should rise again.

When Corbett realized that the fight was over, he helped carry his battered foe to the chair. Then he went to the center of the ring to receive a turbulent ovation. His strategy had been a combination of brain and brawn.

The great John L. was not silenced for long; he wobbled to the center of the ring and raised his arms for quiet. After several minutes the 10,000 frantic fans settled long enough to hear these few words: "Gentlemen, I stayed too long. I met a younger man. I am only glad the championship remains in America. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan." But Corbett would not take all the credit: he said then and there, "John Barleycorn and I did it together."

In a short time, after a series of saloons and hangovers, the great John L. found himself at the bottom of the ladder. He couldn't buy himself a drink, but he held on to his sense of humor. At a benefit which friends gave for him at Madison Square Garden, he was introduced as the "greatest fighter of all time, the greatest has-been of any time, John L. Sullivan."

"Tha-a-t s-o-o!" the 300-pound Sullivan thundered. "Well, lissen to

me, son. It's a lot better to be a has-been than a never-was."

Then one day, poverty-stricken, he was dispossessed of all he had. As the deputies walked around the house removing the furniture, John L. lay across the bed in a drunken sleep. The men lifted his huge body from the bed and placed him on the floor. Later one of the men put a bottle of whisky next to the sleeping hulk.

When John L. awakened and looked about the bare room, saw the sloppy figure he was, and the whisky, he suddenly revolted, and in a sweep of his still powerful arm smashed the bottle against the wall and resolved never to drink again.

He spent the next months as though in a nightmare: trying to cure himself, backsiding into drunkenness, resolving, yielding to the temptation. Finally, with a supreme effort and the aid of the six-foot temperance woman he married, he settled on a farm near Boston, where he never touched another drop.

At middle age John came out of retirement in response to a magazine's offer to sponsor him on a tour of temperance throughout the country. He was a natural for it. He spoke in a plain uninhibited fashion and the people still loved the old mountain who had won more than 200 battles, including the one with John Barleycorn.

*An edifice begun
before Columbus discovered
America is not yet finished*

All Centuries Meet in St. Peter's

By DON SHARKEY

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

THREE million pilgrims, it is estimated, will visit the Eternal City during the Holy Year of 1950. Everyone will visit St. Peter's. This is one of the four churches that must be visited to gain the plenary indulgence. The other three are St. John Lateran, St. Paul Outside the Walls, and St. Mary Major. But in any event, the pilgrims would still visit St. Peter's, which is one of the most famous shrines of Christendom and the largest church in the world.

If you are among the pilgrims, you will approach St. Peter's over a broad avenue reaching from the Tiber river. This avenue was made during the reign of the present Pontiff. Many shops and houses were torn down so that the church, which was designed by some of the most gifted architects the world has ever known, would have an approach worthy of it.

From this avenue you can see the basilica in all its grandeur. The vast

expanse of pavement in the piazza, the fountains, the columns enclosing the square on two sides, the front of the church, and the great dome of Michelangelo are beheld as one great, harmonious, breath-taking whole.

As you approach the basilica, the great dome, which can be seen from almost every part of Rome, begins to disappear. By the time you reach the piazza it has disappeared completely. Michelangelo designed the church in such a way that the dome would have been visible from the piazza. His successor, Maderna, changed his plans and extended the front of the structure, so that the most magnificent dome in the world can be seen only from a distance.

The famous colonnades that border the piazza were designed by Giovanni Bernini. There are 284 columns in all. When the visitor walks among them, he seems to be in a great silent forest of stone columns.

Inside the basilica you look across the expanse of pavement toward the main altar with its great baldachin. No pews nor chairs obstruct your view. The nave, which is the part that extends from the center door to the high altar, is supported by five pairs of pillars with four arches between.

The church looks big as you stand in the entrance, but it takes a while to realize how big it really is. Gothic churches, with their long unbroken lines, look larger than they are. In St. Peter's, every line, vertical as well as horizontal, is broken, making the church look much smaller than it actually is. The cornice above the pillars does not look at all large, but a man could easily ride a horse on it.

St. Peter's is in the form of a cross. Because of this, it is impossible to see the entire church at one time. No matter where you stand, the main altar with its baldachin, or canopy, cuts off your view.

Walk down the nave toward the main altar. Before you have gone far, you see a large disk in the floor. This formerly stood before the high altar in the old St. Peter's. Here the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire knelt when they were crowned. You also see marks in the floor which give the lengths of other famous churches. St. Paul's in London, for example, is about three-fourths the length of St. Peter's. It is 520.3 feet, while St. Peter's is 693.8 feet long. The Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople is 354 feet.

Over the main altar towers the baldachin with its twisted bronze columns covered with lavish gold decorations. This baldachin is 95 feet high. That is the height of an eight-story building.

This altar is reserved for the Mass of the Supreme Pontiff. Light streams in upon it from the great dome of Michelangelo, far, far above. In front of the altar is the Confession of St. Peter, a lowered place in the floor directly over the tomb of the apostle.

The entire center of the church may be said to form an extension of the tomb of St. Peter. The Confession is directly over the tomb proper, and the main altar is partly over it.

On each of the four dome piers stands a colossal statue, and above each statue is a mosaic picture. (In one of the latter, St. John the Evangelist holds a pen five feet long.) The statues and mosaics are part of the decorations of the tomb. Above the pictures and just under the beginning of the dome is a Latin inscription which runs all the way around the center of the church: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The letters are six feet high.

The tombs of the basilica are among the most magnificent works of art. They are found in all parts of the church. Some rest against pillars; others are built into niches

in the walls; others rise like altars from the floor. In all, 144 Popes are buried in St. Peter's and in the crypts below.

In front of the last pillar on the right side of the nave is a bronze statue of St. Peter which is thought to date back to the 4th or 5th century. The apostle is seated with hand raised as if in blessing. His right foot projects a little beyond the left. For centuries it has been the custom to kiss the right foot in veneration. It has been kissed so many times that the toes have been worn away.

Several confessional stand in the left transept. Above each is printed in gold letters the language in which confessions are heard; people from all over the world can go to confession in their own language. The confessions are heard by nine Friars Minor Conventual, each from a different country. They are called the "ordinary" confessors of St. Peter's. You see, St. Peter's belongs to all the world, not just to Italy, and those confessors are at the service of the ordinary people of the world. In contrast, the confessors for the Italian people, found in another part of the church, are called "extraordinary" confessors.

After giving absolution, the confessor touches the head of the penitent with a rod. In ancient Rome, a slave, upon receiving his freedom, received a tap on the head. The tap with the rod signifies freedom from the bondage of sin.

An elevator takes you to the roof of the nave, but from there you have to climb to the top of the dome. The dome rises 308 feet above the roof. From the gallery at the top of the dome you can see all of Rome and many suburban towns. The sea looks like a silver streak in the distance. The eight-story high baldachin in the church below looks like a living-room clock.

In the crypts beneath St. Peter's some of the tombs are pagan and some Christian, but all date back to the 1st century after Christ. One tomb bears an inscription that is a petition of the deceased asking to be buried "near the circus of Nero."

This reminds us that Nero's circus once stood on Vatican hill, not far from where St. Peter's is now. Here Nero looked on in glee while the early Christians were burned at the stake, devoured by lions, and put to death in other horrible ways. Among the martyrs was St. Peter. He was crucified. At his own request, he was placed head down on the cross because he said he was not worthy to die in the same manner his Saviour had. He was buried, as was the custom, in a vault near the scene of his execution.

St. Anacletus, the 3rd Pope, built a little oratory or chapel over the tomb. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, began erection of a great church over the tomb in 324. It stood until 1506, nearly 1200 years. Today, it is referred to as the old St. Peter's, and remains of it can be

seen in the crypts beneath the present church.

For centuries St. Peter's remained primarily a shrine to the first Pope. The Popes lived at the Lateran palace on the other side of Rome. It was not until the 14th century, when the Lateran palace was destroyed by fire, that the Popes began to live at the Vatican. Even today, the Church of St. John Lateran is the Pope's cathedral, although St. Peter's is the one most closely associated with him in the public mind.

Construction of the present church was begun some time between 1490 and 1500, before the old one had been torn down.

"And when was it finished?" a newspaper correspondent recently asked the staff engineer of the basilica.

The engineer laughed. "It hasn't been finished yet," he said.

It is true that the work goes on constantly. There is one row of niches called Founder's Row. These niches are reserved for statues of canonized founders of Religious Orders. St. Dominic was placed there in 1706. The 39th, and last, niche has just been assigned. The statue will probably be placed there during this Holy Year.

The church was begun before Columbus discovered America. Founder's Row was begun before the Declaration of Independence was signed. Before the row was completed it contained the statue of the first citizen-saint of the U. S.—the little nun who labored among the poor in the slums of American cities, St. Frances Xavier Cabrini.



Hands for Therese

NOT LONG AGO Lucrezia Bori reminded me of dining with us one evening when Mario Korbel, the famous singer, was also a guest. He was modeling a statue of St. Thérèse, the Little Flower, at the time, for our chapel in Moore Abbey. He had been to Lisieux and brought back many photographs of St. Thérèse. The thing he noticed most in each of them was the delicate beauty of her hands.

"I'll have a time finding a model for them," he remarked to John.

During dinner John said suddenly, "Mario, look at Bori's hands!"

Mario said, "I have been looking at them, John, but I didn't dare to speak."

An unspoken message passed between them, and John explained to a somewhat mystified Bori what it was all about, and she said she'd be honored to pose for the hands of the Little Flower, to whom she was greatly devoted. This she did and the result is perfect. In nearly every statue of St. Thérèse she is standing with flowers in her hands, but in ours she is seated on a bench with her exquisite hands folded in her lap.

From I Hear You Calling Me by Lily McCormack (Bruce: Milwaukee. \$2.75).

Benedict Joseph Labre tried the regular ways of becoming holy but they were not for him

The Tramp Who Was a Saint

By ALBAN GOODIER, S.J.

Condensed chapter of a book*

BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE wanted to be a monk. From the age of 18, that was what he wanted, but he was destined always to be disappointed. The Trappists wouldn't have him; he was too delicate. The Carthusians of Longuennes were willing to try him out, but he couldn't make the grade. Confinement, the one thing he longed for, wore him down. Solitude, instead of giving him peace, seemed only to fill him with despair. The monks grew uneasy; they told him he had no vocation and he was dismissed.

Benedict's resolution was in no way shaken. He applied at another Carthusian abbey, Montreuil. Though many monks shook their heads, they received him.

The result was again the same. He struggled bravely, but he began to shrink to a shadow. The rule required quiet in his cell, and he could not keep still. After six weeks the monks asked him to go. He



went, but not home; he was off to another abbey —this time the Trappists again.

Sept Fonts accepted him. The trial lasted eight months. But he had a passion for giving up things, and even in a Trappist monastery he could not give up enough. He craved to be still more poor, still more starving; and with his longing and his efforts to be the poorest of the poor, he began to shrink to a mere skeleton, as at Montreuil. Added to this he fell ill, and was disabled for two months. As soon as he was well enough to take the road he was told that he must go. With a "God's will be done" on his lips, and some letters of recommendation in his pocket, Benedict again left the monastery.

Nevertheless, in those few months he had begun to discover his true vocation. Though longing for monastic life did not entirely leave him, he was beginning to see that there was little hope of his embracing it

*Saints Are Not Sad; 40 Biographical Portraits, assembled by F. J. Sheed. Copyright, 1949, by Sheed & Ward, Inc., 830 Broadway, New York City, 3. 441 pp. \$3.75.

in the ordinary way. He could not be a monk like others; he must be one after his own manner. He could not live in a monastery; the world must be his cloister. He would live the loneliest of lonely men, the outcast of outcasts, the most pitied of creatures, "a worm and no man, the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people." He would be a tramp, God's poor man, a pilgrim for the rest of his life. He was 25.

He set off to Rome, with a long cloak covering him, tied with a rope around his waist, a cross on his breast, a large chain of beads around his neck. His feet were partly covered with substitutes for shoes. One might have thought they were specially designed to let in water and stones. He braved every kind of weather. Over his shoulder he carried an old sack with his belongings; among them, a Bible and prayer book. He ate whatever men gave him; if they gave him nothing he looked to see what he could find on the roadside. He refused to think of the morrow; if at any time he had more than he needed for the day, he gave it to another tramp.

Moreover, Benedict ceased to be clean; his smell was not pleasant. And his confessor, who later wrote the story of his life, tells us that when Benedict came to confession he had to protect himself from vermin. Men of taste, even those who later looked on him as a saint, drew aside when he came near. When they did, Benedict's heart was full

of joy. He was getting what he wanted: the more he was spurned and ignored, the more he lifted his eyes in thanksgiving.

In 1770, he wrote his last letter to his family. During the six or seven years following, pilgrimages led him over mountains and through forests, into cities and villages. He slept under the open sky, or in whatever shelter he could find. He accepted in alms only what he needed for the day and no more; he clothed himself with what men chose to give him, or rather with what they could induce him to accept. During the first journey he stopped at Loreto and Assisi. Arrived in Rome footsore and ill, he stayed three days in the French hospital; then for eight or nine months he lingered in the city, visiting all the holy places, known to no one, sleeping no one knows where. The next few years he toured all the famous shrines of Europe. At the end of 1776 he settled down definitely in Rome, going only on special pilgrimages, most of all to Loreto, which he visited every year.

He never had more than ten sous, or about ten cents, at a time; when people offered him more he invariably refused it. At Loreto, he lodged in a barn some distance from the town. When friends found a room closer to the shrine, he refused it because it contained a bed. In Rome, his home for years was a hole among the ruins of the Coliseum; from this retreat he made daily trips

to the churches of the city. Except when he was ill he seldom begged; he was content with whatever the passers-by gave him of their own accord. Once a man gave him a penny; Benedict thanked him, but finding it more than he needed, passed it on to another. The donor, mistaking this for an act of contempt, supposing that Benedict had expected more, took his stick and gave him a beating. Benedict took the beating without a word.

He seemed to go whole months without allowing his voice to be heard. When a convent of nuns began to show him interest and respect, Benedict never went near them again. All his possessions were a few books of devotion and a wooden bowl; the latter had split, and he kept it together with a piece of wire. His confessor has described their first meeting: "In the month of June, 1782, just after I had celebrated Mass in the church of St. Ignatius belonging to the Roman College, I noticed a man close beside me whose appearance at first sight was decidedly unpleasant and forbidding. His legs were only partly covered, his clothes were tied round his waist with an old cord. His hair was uncombed, he was ill-clad, and wrapped about in an old and ragged coat. In outward appearance he seemed the most miserable beggar I had ever seen."

After the priest finished his thanksgiving, Benedict approached him and asked if he would hear his

general confession. During the confession the priest was surprised, not only at the care with which it was made, but also at the knowledge his penitent showed of intricate points of theology. He interrupted the confession to ask whether he had ever studied divinity. "I, Father?" said Benedict. "No, I never studied divinity. I am only a poor, ignorant beggar."

The confessor knew he was dealing with something unusual. He resolved for the future to keep him carefully in mind. As the weeks passed he grew to wonder at this sanctity beneath rags. Yet as fastidiously clean as he seems to have been himself, it never so much as occurred to him to bid Benedict mend his ways. To hear his confession cost the priest an effort, yet he never thought twice about making that effort; only at times, for the sake of others, the appointed place was out of the way.

He saw him last on the Friday before Holy Week, 1783, when Benedict came to confession. This time he made no appointment. The next the priest heard of him was that he was dead, exactly a week later. He was not surprised. For some months he had wondered how he lived. Apart from his austerities, and his invariable choice of food that was least palatable, of late his body had begun to develop sores and ulcers. The priest had exhorted him at least to take more care of his sores, but Benedict had taken little notice.

It came to Wednesday in Holy Week. Among the churches which Benedict frequented none saw him more than S. Maria dei Monti, not very far from the Colosseum. In this church he usually heard Mass every morning; in the neighborhood he was well known. He had attended morning services; as he went out of the door, about one in the afternoon, he fell on the steps. Neighbors ran towards him. He asked for a glass of water, but he could not lift himself up. A local butcher, who had often been kind to Benedict, offered to have him carried to his house, and Benedict agreed. They laid him on a bed, as they thought, to rest; but it soon became clear that he was dying. A priest was sent for; the last sacraments were administered; but Benedict was too weak to receive Viaticum. The prayers for the dying were said; at the words, "Holy Mary, pray for him," Benedict died, without a sigh or a convulsion. It was April 16, 1783; Benedict was 35.

Now some remarkable things happened. His confessor-biographer writes, "Scarcely had this poor follower of Christ breathed his last when all at once the little children from the houses hard by filled the whole street with their noise, crying out with one accord, 'The saint is dead, the saint is dead.' All Rome soon joined in their cries, repeating the self-same words, 'A saint is dead.' Great numbers of persons who have been eminent for their

holiness and famous for their miracles, have ended the days of their mortal life in this city; but the death of none of them ever excited so rapid and lively an emotion as the death of this beggar."

Scarcely was Benedict dead before two churches were contending for the privilege of possessing his body. It was decided that it should be given to S. Maria dei Monti, which he had most frequented; and thither, on the Wednesday night, it was carried. So great was the crowd that the guard of police had to be doubled.

A line of soldiers accompanied the body to the church; more honor could scarcely have been paid to a royal corpse. From the moment that it was laid there the church was thronged with mourners; it almost lay in state during the Holy Week services. The throng went on increasing, so that the Cardinal Vicar was moved to allow the body to remain unburied for four days. People of every rank and condition were made one at the feet of Benedict the Beggar. They buried him in the church, close beside the altar, on Easter Sunday afternoon.

Enthusiasm did not end with the funeral. Crowds continued to flock to the church, soldiers were called out to keep order. Closing the church was of no avail; as soon as the church was reopened, crowds came again, and continued for two months. Nothing like it had been seen before, even in Rome. If ever

anyone was declared a saint by popular acclamation it was Benedict Joseph Labre, the beggar. Within a year the name of Benedict was known all over Europe. Biographies began to appear, legends to grow, miracles, true and false, were reported from all sides.

All this time the parents of Benedict were living in their home near Boulogne. Hearing nothing for more than 12 years, they had presumed that he was dead. Now it dawned upon them gradually that the saint of whom all the world was speaking was their son!

Flights of Fancy



Flowers perched on slender stems as if they had just alighted and might take wing again. —F. P. Jaques.

She had a voice like screeching brakes. —*Action Now*.

A fur neckpiece that looked like toasted cotton. —Jean Stafford.

A small silence, precise as a picture hanging on a wall. —Jean Stafford.

Hills loud with waterfalls.

—Thomas Merton.

Robes as volatile as water.

—Thomas Merton.

She sat down like a ton of feathers.

—Marceline Cox.

The clock stubbed its toe on the quarter-hour with a little ding.

—Ardyth Kennelly.

The organ wheezed and panted, like a dragon coming round after an anesthetic. —Caryll Houselander.

When a woman keeps a secret you'll hear about it. —J. F. Hasting.

Two furtive tears glistened, hesitated, then gathered courage and coursed down the lined face. —Arthur F. Allie.

A pilot light of humor in his eyes, ready at any moment to ignite a laugh.

—Edison Marshall.

Water giggling in the sunlight.

—Maureen Daly.

She could hear the quick grin in his voice. —Violet Moss.

DEFINITIONS

Television: Magnified keyhole.

—Bob Hope.

Wedding cake: Altar rations.

Violet stole: Spiritual stethoscope.

—Henry Morton Robinson.

Alcatraz: The pen with a lifetime guarantee. —Blanden Broke Pile.

Blotter: Person who soaks up everything, but gets it upside down.

—R. L. Newton.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



*Speed with the printed word is your key
to more successful living*

Do You Know How to Read?

By O. A. BATTISTA

Before you start this article look at your watch. Time your reading speed to find out how much Mr. Battista has to teach you. His story is about 1500 words long. If it takes you only 2½ minutes to read it, you're a genius; 3½ minutes, you're an average college student; 5 minutes, you're at the high-school level. But no matter how fast or slow you read now, you can read faster. Here's how.

PUBLISHING statistics prove that we Americans are a nation of readers. But several recent surveys have shown that most adults do *not* know how to read fast enough! In the words of Dr. William B. Benton of the University of Chicago, "we are a race of reading cripples." Most of us read no better than an average student in the 8th grade.

Reading-rate studies of college students reveal two important facts about the first of the three R's: 1. the average adult wastes a great deal of time reading inefficiently; 2. it does not take much self-training to double your reading speed.

As you read these lines, six muscles control each eyeball in its socket. The movements are coordinated

so accurately with the optical nerves that both eyes are perfectly synchronized. If you are a poor reader, you will quite unconsciously hesitate six to eight times as you read a line of print. The eyes of a very good reader, on the other hand, will cover an ordinary line in two or three jumps.

Dr. Harold H. Marlwin claims that it is fairly common for an inefficient reader to make a dozen or more "eye-swings" to the line, hesitating on a single word at a time. The more eye-swings per line, the fewer the number of words that can be covered in a given time. "Actually," says Dr. Marlwin, "while our eyes are moving we do not see anything. Our eyes must stop still for us to see, and for maximum reading output these stops should take place about once every one-sixth of a second. Most readers, however, pause for as long as a second at the end of each stop!"

Our generation has poor reading habits because it was not taught how to read properly. Persons over 35 today learned to read by the "oral method" that is designed to teach pronunciation. We were groomed

to the habit of seeing only a single word at a time. This gave poor reading speed, as well as undue strain on our eyes.

You are a slow reader if you average only about 150 words or less per minute, if you find yourself backtracking to clarify the meaning of words, or if you automatically stop your eye-swinging at the end of each word. Poor readers, also, frequently are sensitive to noises around them, and they often complain that they tire easily from reading. Besides the number of words read per minute, your reading ability is gauged by how much meaning you grasp from words. Poor readers will remember only a fraction of what they thought they read.

If you can read more than 600 words a minute and comprehend the important points of what you cover, you are in the "genius" class of readers, with an unusually high reading ability. A fast and efficient reader has a photographic memory; he never finds himself going back to catch on to the meaning of a sentence. Two or three stops per line are enough, and phrases, whole sentences, even short paragraphs may be absorbed by such a person at a single glance.

Catch a person reading who seems oblivious to what goes on around him, and the chances are you have found a fast reader. An untiring, prolific reader automatically qualifies as a fast reader. Slow readers get tired quickly because they work

their eyes too hard, and, therefore, they are not likely to be avid readers.

A good point to remember, however, is that reading is not done exclusively by the eyes. Your mind plays an important part in your speed. Your eyes may see a word at a time, but your mind must grasp phrases and sentences to give meaning to the words. The secret of efficient reading is training your eyes to read whole phrases at a time so that the time lag between your visual impression and your mental understanding is virtually eliminated.

No matter how well you read, you can learn to read better. Hundreds of colleges, universities, and industries are now providing some type of reading service to teach this. The armed services have stepped up the reading of some members from 300 to 600 words a minute without loss of comprehension, through well-organized reading lessons.

Eye exercise is an important part of trying to become a better reader. On an individual scale, it is a good idea to concentrate for a few minutes every day on trying to see more words at each glance. To a certain extent, reading reduces to a case of simple arithmetic—the more words you see at once, the faster you read.

Theodore Roosevelt amazed his associates by the speed with which he could read a page of print. He had mastered the art of reading down a page without having to move his eyes back and forth across

each line. His trained eyes spotted key words or phrases, and they helped his mind piece their meaning together with lightning speed.

A patent attorney I know enjoys an enviable reputation. Once he confided to me that his most valuable ability was being able to "digest" the limitless amount of dry patent literature that he had to read and understand before writing a new patent specification or preparing a brief for the courts. He had mastered the difficult technique of skimming. Frequently, a person's job is hard simply because he has a below-par reading rate.

According to one reading expert, an average high-school student should be able to read at least 300 words a minute to do well. College students should be able to dash off 350-400 words to get A's, and men in most of the professions find it to their advantage to be able to speed past 600 words a minute.

For those who wish to start improving their reading speed, here are a few pointers passed along by the specialists who ought to know.

Avoid the common pitfall of "vo-calizing" while you read. This is equivalent to the hunt-and-peck typing system, and means you say each word to yourself as you read

it. Don't move your lips as you read.

Train yourself to read by phrases, not by words. A metronome will help you develop a rhythm in your phrase-reading. The smoother the eye-jumps, the better the word-combinations and comprehension.

Always push your reading speed forward. The object here is not to read at a comfortable rate, but at an uncomfortable rate, a little faster than your eyes seem to prefer.

Avoid the lazy habit of going back over words you already have seen.

Look forward to your reading with genuine concentration. The more interest you can stir up the more efficient you will be.

Bear in mind that almost all knowledge and education reach your brain through reading. Reduce the optical difficulties that accompany reading, and you will read better and faster, and learn more.

The business of speeding up your reading should be considered seriously. Properly developed, it will be a great asset; it will speed up your education not only during your formal schooling, but also in later life. Knowledge of the printed word is the cornerstone of wisdom, and of sound independent thought. If you are a slow reader, you really cannot afford to be.

THE report that a Russian collective farmer has reached the age of 140 may be taken with a grain of salt. The Soviet system does not add years to life; it only makes them seem longer. *Morris B. Chapman in the New Leader (10 Dec. '49).*

God was generous with Dr. Skemp; the doctor proposes to get even with Him

65 DP's Find Home

By JAMES SPAULDING

Condensed from the Milwaukee *Journal**

A

LA CROSSE, Wis., physician has brought new hope into the lives of 65 displaced persons from Eastern Europe. Dr. Archie A. Skemp is providing for 22 families. He plans to sponsor more.

The 65 live and work on eight farms which the doctor has organized into four "units." Their rent, utilities, and all other expenses are paid by Dr. Skemp. Even their clothing is provided by him. Besides, he gives each family a monthly pay check to provide for incidentals, and he paid their rail fare from New York City.

In return, the doctor asks only that the DP's work on his land; that they try to learn our language and latest methods of scientific agriculture. Profits are turned back to the DP farmers.

Dr. Skemp owns the farms, and has been buying more

to prepare for the 20 additional DP's he will sponsor. He provides sheep, chickens, dairy cattle, beef cattle, and machinery for manufacturing fence posts. All of Dr. Skemp's farms are within a 10-mile radius of La Crosse. Several are just across the Mississippi river in Minnesota's Houston county.

The new farmers range in age from six months to 65 years. Except for three Hungarian families and a Russian bachelor, they are all from Poland. They represent, the doctor says, a cross section of humanity.

"There are the ambitious and the lazy," he reports; "and there are men with great vision and some who cannot see beyond three meals a day and a place to sleep."

One farm about two miles from La Crosse totals 200 acres. A former Hungarian - army artillery captain and all-around



*Milwaukee, Wis. Dec. 4, 1949.

athlete lives on it. He is Gabor Marcalkovi, 35, a native of Budapest. With his wife, Cornelia, 30, and their daughter, Cornelia, 8, he came to this country with the help of the National Catholic Welfare Conference last October. Gabe, as he has been nicknamed, is an expert horseman, fencer, swimmer, pistol shot, mountain guide, skier, and gymnast. He speaks Hungarian and German fluently and several other languages fairly well.

Speaking in German through an interpreter, he told of his arrival here about six weeks ago. Dr. Skemp met him at 6:30 A.M. at the railroad station. The doctor took the family to his home until arrangements could be made for them at the farm.

Eleanor Skemp, the doctor's 24-year-old daughter, took the Marcalkovis on a buying spree at a local department store. She told them to buy anything they wanted. The doctor footed the bill.

Joseph Fischer, 45, and his wife also work at the farm. They live in town with the Skemps. Fischer was a corporation lawyer in Budapest. When he became ill shortly after coming here last May, Dr. Skemp treated him at the hospital for more than a month and paid the hospital bill.

Viacheslav (Victor) Tokarec, 53, a White Russian master carpenter, also lives on the farm near the city. He is a true DP, having had no known living relatives since 1930.

The feeling of all of the DP's in

Says Dr. Skemp

The displaced persons are a gift to America. Thousands of Americans supporting the back-to-the-land movement would marvel at the way they solve their problems. The complexities involved in the work facing us can be summed up in two words: proper orientation. Frankly, from a purely economic standpoint, all displaced persons in all European camps would do very nicely on material we Americans waste, destroy or throw away.—Dr. Skemp at the Catholic Charities Conference in Atlantic City, Nov. 21, 1949 (NCWC).

the face of the doctor's generosity is that for the first time in years they are being treated as human beings. They are deeply grateful.

The farm where the two Hungarian families and the Russian live is stocked with 100 sheep. The doctor plans to increase the number to 400.

When he bought this farm two years ago, the house and barn had been without attention for nearly 60 years. A contractor gave him an estimate of \$10,000 to put the house alone in livable condition.

But the DP's themselves have done that. They removed from the basement the junk of years, wire-brushed the yellowed, cracked paint from woodwork, and substituted fresh paint. They have cleaned the house from attic to basement and

repaired holes in doors by laboriously hand-carving pieces of wood to fit. There is still much to do. The farm is still in run-down condition, but the tenants are working furiously at rehabilitating it.

Eleanor, a Marquette university graduate, teaches classes in English for the DP's and shows them University of Wisconsin College of Agriculture films on scientific farming. But she is not the only member of the Skemp family to help her father. The Skemps have seven children. Dr. John T. Skemp, a son and medical partner, is active in the work. The two other sons help on the farms when they are able. The baby of the family is Charles, 16.

Dr. Archie A. Skemp is a rather short, mild-faced man of 55 whose enthusiasm and energy keep him constantly moving. His personal life is sandwiched into brief intervals when he is not answering emergency calls, doing surgery, making house calls or going to the hospital. Those intervals, he admits, are few.

His rural experiment in practical religion began about two years ago,

although he has long been a leader in Catholic charity work. An intern at St. Francis hospital, Dr. Jacob Blogorsky, told the doctor of the trouble DP's were having trying to enter this country. Dr. Blogorsky, now teaching pharmacology at the University of South Dakota, was a displaced person himself.

Dr. Skemp decided to help. The first family arrived at La Crosse from overseas last March. The others have been coming in, a few at a time, since then.

The doctor said that part of his reason for deciding to sponsor the DP's for work on farms was his interest in agriculture and his belief that the DP's would learn to be good farmers. "And it's time," he said, "that those people were treated like humans. My experiment has cost me a great deal of money, but it has been a source of great spiritual satisfaction and a constant inspiration. When you see the troubles of those people, it makes your own seem insignificant. God gave me more than I need. I am happy to share it."

"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

AT a critical period in the Civil War, a delegation of well-meaning clergymen called on Lincoln to offer him advice. He answered their questions with patience and courtesy.

"But, Mr. President," asked one of them, "are you sure that the Lord is on your side?"

"Well, sir," replied Lincoln, "that is not a question that worries me. The important thing is whether I am on the Lord's side. I'm always trying to get myself there."

From *More Catechism Stories* by F. H. Drinkwater.

The things U. S. congressmen eat are as fantastic as the problems they have to deal with

World's Most Exclusive Cookbook

By HAROLD HELFER

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**



MRS. HARRY S. TRUMAN has been getting quite a few letters at the White House complaining about her recipe for "Ozark Pudding," which is just about the favorite dish of her husband. Mainly, the criticism seems to be that her recipe "doesn't turn out."

The White House has felt it necessary to offer this explanation: the recipe is very old. Women used to beat eggs with a fork or a wire whisk, a process which took a long time. Most of today's cooks use a mechanical or electric beater which produces a different texture from an egg patiently beaten. So, the White House says, if you want your "Ozark Pudding" to be a success, beat your egg for a long time with a whisk or a fork. If your arm aches, just imagine your husband has gone out buffalo hunting and you are a pioneer woman.

But, anyway, the "Ozark Pudding" complaint is just about the only one the Congressional Club cookbook — unquestionably one of the most exclusive cookbooks in the

world — has received in the 22 years of its existence.

There's a story that Mrs. Norman J. O. Makin, wife of the Australian ambassador, when she was asked to contribute a recipe for the cookbook, submitted one for "Stuffed Monkeys." This resulted in some blanched faces among the more squeamish members of the Congressional Club, but it turned out that a "Stuffed Monkey" was a kind of Australian cooky.

The latest issue of the Congressional Club cookbook is the first revision of the book in 15 years. It was to have been revised about the time the war broke out but the paper shortage halted the project. Which goes to show that the wives of congressmen didn't have any more pull than plain ordinary wives.

As a matter of fact, the Congressional Club — composed as it is of the wives of members of the Supreme Court and Cabinet as well as those of the Senate and House — had a hard time getting a bill through Congress to get the club

founded. It seems that in 1908, when the idea was pressed, Congress was just as stubborn as now and didn't like to be shoved into anything, not even by its wives.

The House of Representatives got around to passing the bill H. R. 22029 near the end of its term and sent it to the Senate, but the Senate balked. The name of the wife of some senator was, inadvertently or otherwise, omitted from the list of charter members, so that the bill had to go back to the House for revision.

Here it ran into another snag. The 60th Congress was in its waning hours, and John Sharp Williams, the gentleman from Mississippi, was engaged in a filibuster. He was going to talk until the curtain rang down and, if he did, bill H. R. 22029 and the Congressional Club would die abornin'.

But Mrs. John Sharp Williams sent a note to her husband on the floor, insisting that he take her to lunch, and the congressman, either a very gallant man or a very obedient husband, stopped talking and took his wife to lunch. This provided the opportunity to get bill H. R. 22029 into the hopper and so the Congressional Club came into being.

But Congress's sanction of the club—"to promote acquaintance-ship among its members, to facilitate their social intercourse and a place of meeting—" did not provide any financial means. It was up to the ladies to figure out how to meet

the expense of running their club.

They tried quite a few things to raise money, even to playing baseball, but the main standby of the Congressional Club financially has been its cookbook. Its sale has provided the major share of the maintenance of its rather sumptuous quarters at 2001 New Hampshire Ave., N. W., in Washington.

There's no doubt that the cookbook is really something. Listed there is not only the favorite recipe of the wife of practically every congressman and the wives of the Cabinet and Supreme Court members but also of the wives of governors and foreign ambassadors.

There seems to be something fascinating about following a recipe that you know is the favorite of some Supreme Court justice or ambassador or senator or maybe even the President (if you have a strong right arm).

Now suppose you try this recipe: Mix coffee, gelatin and milk, and heat in a double boiler. Add the yolks of eggs slightly beaten and mixed with one-third cup sugar and one-fourth teaspoon salt. Cook until it thickens. Remove from the heat and add the whites of eggs beaten stiff and a half teaspoon of vanilla. Mold, chill and serve with whipped cream.

If your husband should turn up his nose at this, all you have to say is, "But, dear, that's what Mrs. Calvin Coolidge used to make for Mr. Coolidge."

Along with their recipes from the ladies of the higher-ups in governmental life, the compilers have also given some thought to general cooking hints and have come up with such advice as: Do not peel bananas until ready to use. Or, if you do, roll in a little lemon juice. Chill coffee cream 24 hours in a refrigerator before whipping. Macaroni and rice can be kept from boiling over by greasing the inside of kettle three or four inches around the top. To cut fresh bread thin, heat the blade of the knife in hot water.

All this, and *zrazy zawijane*, too. This is a favorite recipe of Mrs. Thomas S. Gordon, wife of the Illinois congressman. To make *zrazy zawijane* you take a large slice of thinly cut round steak and cut into squares of about four inches. Fill each square with a tablespoonful of stuffing made from the following ingredients: white-bread crumbs, finely diced fried onions, parsley, egg, salt and pepper, all well blended. Tie each piece firmly, roll in flour and fry to a delicate brown shade in bacon drippings. Remove

browned meat from the pan, add flour to the gravy and brown slightly, add water and stir until smooth. Return meat to the pan and let simmer gently for an hour.

Or maybe you'd prefer *Mondongo Nicaguense*, the recipe of Mrs. Guillermo Sevilla, wife of the Nicaraguan ambassador; or molasses hermits, the recipe of Mrs. B. B. Hickenlooper, wife of the Iowan senator; or baked *empanadas*, the recipe of Madame V. K. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese ambassador; or *ceska kolace svazovane*, the recipe of Mrs. Juraj Slavik, wife of the Czechoslovakian ambassador; or the chicken almond recipe of Mrs. Fred M. Vinson, wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

There's one thing though: the Club is strictly non-political.

"If," pointed out one of the ladies of the Congressional Club, "you're making some delicious *gnocchik* such as Mrs. Robert Hale, wife of the Maine representative offers in her recipe, does it really matter whether you're a Democrat or a Republican?"

A Man Meant Well

CHARLES KINGSLEY, if he did nothing else, would be remembered for two things. His attack on Newman impugning the motives of his conversion to the Catholic Church was the incentive for Newman's writing one of the great books of his century, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. And his own brilliant simile inspired Karl Marx's shibboleth for communism. Kingsley wrote, "We have used the Bible as if it were a mere special constable's handbook, an opium dose for keeping beasts of burden patient when they are overloaded."

*An on-the-spot correspondent shows what is going on
in the land that Potsdam made*

German Mission Land

By MAX JORDAN

Condensed from *The Sign**

BACK during the war, I remember being billeted one night in a workman's home, not far from the famed Benedictine Abbey of Maria-Laach.

"Look at the crucifix," I said to the sergeant showing me over the house. "And all those holy pictures!" Clearly we had taken over the home of devout people.

"Oh," the sergeant said, as though he could read peoples' minds, "that's just their way of putting across propaganda."

"Propaganda?"

"Why, of course," explained my sergeant friend. "They put up that stuff just to fool us."

I could not blame a GI for knowing so little of German history as not to be aware of the Catholic traditions of the Rhineland. But there were men in much higher places thinking the same way, that Hitlerism had all but wiped out the Christian faith. They had heard but little of heroic Cardinal von Galen, "the lion of Münster." The name of Cardinal Faulhaber meant hardly

anything to them. They were not aware of the tremendous struggle between the nazi chieftains and the Church.

The Church has not only survived Hitlerism and the war. It has survived the war's backwash, which perhaps was more serious than the war itself, because it threatened the very backbone of Church organization. However, no one familiar with the facts would deny that there are cracks in Catholic Germany which amount to serious problems.

Zonal barriers divide the country into four slices. They break up both materially and spiritually the unity of various important dioceses. Millions of refugees pour into the western zones from the East. Thousands of churches and church-owned properties have been destroyed or heavily damaged by the war. Church funds are virtually wiped out by the recent currency reform. It is obvious that the material tasks of reconstruction are in themselves staggering. Even more bewildering are the moral consequences of the

war and Hitlerism, and the chaotic condition created by the mass dislocation of people and the impoverishment of millions of men, women, and children now hopelessly stranded in an area much too small either to accommodate them all or to offer them a modest livelihood.

On the surface, the Church in Germany remains a mighty army indeed. There are about as many Catholics in Germany as there are in the U. S. (about 25 million). Of those only four million live in the Soviet zone. About 21 million, or about half the population of Western Germany, are divided between the American, British, and French zones. The U. S. has the largest share, about nine million. The ratio between Catholics and Protestants is about the same now that it was before the war: 1 to 3. The annual *Katholikentage*, national Catholic conventions, the pilgrimages and church festivals attended by overflowing crowds—all these would seem to indicate that the fervor of the faithful has not been lessened.

In the literary field German Catholics make an excellent showing. Most of their prewar publications suppressed by nazis are on the newsstands once more, many with increased circulation. The intellectual level is enviably high—sometimes perhaps too high to suit the popular taste. Few are the names with a new ring. It was impossible to develop fresh talents under a dictatorship hostile to the Church. The nazis

wiped out the influential Catholic daily press, too, and, except for one commendable undertaking—the Augsburg *Tagespost*—the loss has not been compensated yet. One reason is the aloofness of American officials determining occupation policies in the early days who thought that things Catholic were not in line with democracy.

Not long ago Father Ivo Zeiger, S.J., probably the most competent observer on the German Catholic scene, stated publicly that Germany again had become mission territory.

When the war ended it seemed for a while as though a religious revival might have resulted from the sufferings of the war years. Many people who had long been indifferent to religion, brought face to face with death at the fronts and at home in air raids, found solace once more in their faith. Others, who had fallen away from the Church to save their necks and jobs, now were seeking the way back to the fold.

Soon, however, it was found that the Christian veneer on a good many people was too thin to last. Fundamentally things had not changed very much. Nazidom was dead, but many were satisfied just to turn the clock back to 1932. Many had not learned the lesson of the war. They simply fell in step once more with a past they should have buried forever and went "back to normal"—which meant to indifferent mediocrity.

The Church views the situation soberly. It knows that real Christians always are a minority in this world. A Rhenish newspaper has just pointed this out alarmingly. Its survey revealed that less than half the Catholics in that region were regular churchgoers and that nearly half among those queried receive the sacraments but rarely, if at all. This applies to a Catholic district. Close by are other regions which were predominantly Protestant before the war and now are crammed to overflowing by the millions expelled from the East. Most of these are nominally Catholic, but they are uprooted, penniless, often in utter despair—a state of affairs not exactly conducive to religious zeal.

The clergy faces a superhuman task in coping with this problem. In the Hildesheim diocese, for instance, there is but one priest for every 3,000 Catholics. Conditions are even worse in the Soviet zone. Wide areas there now hold thousands of expellees who have no church to go to, no priests to say Mass for them, to baptize their children, hear their confessions, marry or bury them. "In five years," said the provost of Magdeburg in appealing for help, "I won't need priests any longer, for by that time there won't be any Catholics left."

Perhaps this is too severe a comment to be applied generally. The fact remains, however, that "mission-land Germany" needs more missionaries than are now on hand,

and not only to win back those who have lost the faith. They are needed especially to keep in the fold the millions who risk losing it because they are not looked after and because their misfortune has embittered and disillusioned them.

The younger generation, of course, finds it difficult to fit itself into the confused state of present-day Germany. Mostly it grew up in an atmosphere of cynicism which has left deep marks on many souls, but for that very reason perhaps now shows a longing for the stable ideals that only religion can offer. Naturally, it will take time before new leaders are trained and ready to replace the older ones who mostly are weary and worried, but it looks as though fresh blood will soon come to the Church and provide hopeful new impulses quite beneficial in the long run.

Sadly one must admit that Catholics in the Soviet zone who make their permanent home in those parts, the stray Catholics in Saxony for instance, show a greater zeal for Christ than many of their brethren in the western zones who are well off. The new totalitarianism makes them realize the immense worth of their Church's ideals, but, of course, it is difficult, if not impossible, to take a stand when you are deprived of all weapons such as literature, public pilgrimages, and women's and youth organizations. Unarmed, Christians wage a brave battle which temporarily seems hopeless.

The German bishops in their last joint pastoral letter told the story of a 13-year-old Silesian refugee girl in Mecklenburg who on her own initiative was gathering the Catholic children of her neighborhood in a barn. There she pinned a paper cross on a broken-down covered wagon, and made them all kneel down to say a Hail Mary and Our Father.

"Just so they don't forget," she said.

How many are apt to forget, if months go by without a single Mass, years perhaps with no priest in sight, and the public schools are permeated with God-hating Marxism! It's not only a few thousand people who face that plight. Every fifth German Catholic is an expellee. Nearly six million German Catholics were thrown out of their homes in Eastern Europe. Six million now

are crammed into rump Germany.

The peacemakers of Potsdam today probably scratch their heads. Some of us foretold they would, but we were not listened to. The Holy Father was not heeded, either, or there would not be the mess that now exists. "The recent record of Christianity," said the London *Catholic Herald*, "and not least Catholicity, has proved the latter's powers of resistance to the poison of naziism." One might add that the power of resistance to the poison of communism is at least equal. But Christianity was not invited at Munich 11 years ago nor at Versailles in 1919. Now we are at the crossroads once more, and there is gloom. Germany, unavoidably, has again become the testing ground for peace or war, and within Germany the Catholic Church holds the key to the issue.



Two Civilizations

IN A German POW camp in Russia an imprisoned clergyman had been given permission to preach to his comrades now and then, if a written copy of the sermon was approved by the Russian head of the camp. Once the pastor had chosen a text from St. Paul's (Paulus in German) epistle to the Romans. "What has Paulus to write to the fascists?" bellowed the Russian, and promptly struck out the text.

Some weeks later the clergyman was summoned to the *Kommandantura* and cautioned not to try any falsifications in the future. General Field Marshal von Paulus had been interrogated in Officer Camp 27/11 on the matter of his letter to the citizens of Rome and had emphatically denied ever having written such a thing.

Newsletter from Behind the Iron Curtain (7 Oct. '49).

*A little Christian charity can introduce
you to the nicest people*

Who Could Love Such Neighbors?

By DORAN HURLEY

Condensed from *Columbia**

MISS AGATHA O'CONNOR felt that the day had been most annoying. It seemed that everything conspired to make it so. That morning, after Mass, a new attendant at the public-library branch let a stranger have first call at the *Times*; and the man, obviously a refugee, had dawdled over it. Even Mass had been a disappointment: a low Mass, and evidently a visiting Order priest, whom it had been quite impossible to follow in her missal. She had hoped to attend a funeral Mass. She always felt that at a funeral you really had the satisfaction of two Masses, the grace you obtained for yourself and the good of your prayers for the dead. And then, to a person of refinement, the beauty of the music, the lovely Gregorian added a great deal.

It was so much nicer, and easier, too, in the summer, when you could get out more. In summer she could go over to Central Park after Mass and chat with the governesses. Some of them were so agreeable and friendly. It was a relief to meet refined people. The people in her own house and neighborhood were

crude. She certainly would not dream of letting any of her lovely friends in the park know that when she left them she really went on much farther than Lexington Ave. Not that she ever told a downright fib; but she felt she owed it to the memory of dear papa and mamma not to admit that what was so nice 60 years ago when she was a little girl was now just a slum. You had to face it: it was a slum, just full of foreigners. But, as she always said, with a good strong lock on the door her two little rooms were her castle.

It was all very well to love your neighbors, but she simply could not put any of those people in that category. Neighbors were people you knew, and who knew you and your family. And besides, she told herself when she felt herself becoming scrupulous, you could love people but it did not mean you had to be chummy. In addition, she had strong doubts whether any of the people in her building even went to church. No, you could not call them neighbors. Heretics; more likely, pagans!

She thought of all this as she tiptoed carefully over the ice (people

never seemed to clean sidewalks properly any more) and scurried up the single flight to her own wee little castle. She made herself a cup of tea and two slices of dry toast. Butter was so high, but then, it was fattening after all. She had got a nice Katherine Burton book about medical missionaries at the library. She would just cuddle up comfy by the radiator and the window and have a nice good read until it was time for bed.

It was cosy, she thought, as she looked up from her book after an hour. Mrs. Burton was almost as good as Isabel Clarke; better, in a way, because she wrote about real persons, so noble and self-sacrificing it did your heart good to read about them. It had started to rain outside and all the terrible foreign children had gone indoors. It was so peaceful and quiet without their yelling and screaming. She certainly had never been brought up like one of them. She turned back complacently to her book. It was uplifting to read about real Christian charity.

Her contentment was shattered by a rough knocking at the door. Oh, a peddler! She would just let him knock and hope he would go away. But the knocking persisted and she heard a deep voice calling. She was a little frightened; but since it was still light, she put on the chain and opened the door a crack.

It was Lee Roy, the Negro porter, who did the odd jobs for her tenement building.

"Lady," he said, and he spoke excitedly, "I guess you better come. That lady down in the basement with the new baby—that child's taken powerful sick. She's a refugee and I don't understand her. She don't know what to do; I don't know what to do. You better come. That baby maybe going to die, somebody don't come. You better hurry up, too."

Oh, dear! After all these years to have to get mixed up with those people. Miss Agatha longed with all her heart to close the door; but she was still half in the world of the medical missionaries. In a nervous, half-complaining way she asked Lee Roy if he could not find someone else.

"Lady," he shook his head, "most of these people, they's foreign. I don't like to ask them. I ain't going to be responsible if they kill that child. That baby needs American treatment. I guess they's only me and you and I don't know nothing about babies."

She kept the door on the chain while she fluttered helplessly about her little medicine closet, wondering what to take with her. There did not seem to be anything. Lee Roy kept urging her on from the door so she snatched up her hot-water bottle and some aspirins.

The basement tenement, partitioned off from the cellars, was dark and damp. It still held the sour smell of the kerosene that Tony (Ice, Coal and Wood) had stored

there before he had moved next door. It was a bedlam of sound. The baby was shrilling loud screams and working about convulsively in the mother's arm on a disheveled bed; and the woman was moaning and crying aloud in some strange, foreign tongue.

"I guess they both going to die," Lee Roy remarked over her shoulder.

"Nonsense," she snapped at him. Those days in the park with the nurses and nursemaids rushed back to her. They had described such symptoms time and again. Why, of course, the baby had colic.

Fussily she told Lee Roy to heat water for the hot-water bottle, while she kept up a running "Sho, sho, sho" to the woman, who was still moaning. She brushed Lee Roy away from the water tap and made the woman take two aspirins. She was all fidgets while the water was boiling. She could not stand looking at the woman and baby while she was waiting. She posted herself nervously at the window, staring half unseeing at the passing feet and legs. Rubber boots and the skirt of a rubber coat brought recognition. With scolding insistence, she sent Lee Roy at once for what she hoped was the policeman on that beat.

It was. "Officer Konig, ma'am." What could he do for her? Did she want an ambulance? No, no, no, she said, it was only colic. What she needed really was a good bottle.

The policeman's face had a sudden frown. She realized he thought she meant liquor and she reddened with shame. She and Lee Roy and the squalor of the place: but for the life of her she could not think of the word "nursing." The bottle had been too delicate a thing in the first place to mention to Lee Roy; but with a policeman it should have been different. Finally, shaking with agitation, she blurted out, "A child's bottle, an infant's bottle, one with a—with a—nipple."

Officer Konig's face was not shocked; rather, greatly relieved. "Look," he said, "the nearest drug-store is about three blocks. Wouldn't somebody have one in the house?"

"Maybe they give you one because you're the law. They wouldn't give me one," Lee Roy spoke out. "They don't understand me and I don't understand them. If we needs one quick, you better go, boss."

"Oh, do go, please, Officer," quavered Miss Agatha. "It's only colic but it might turn into convulsions; and I can't handle convulsions, and by the time we got a doctor. . . ."

Policeman Konig pulled his ear. In a few moments they could hear his heavy-booted tramp on the floor above. Quickly Miss Agatha filled the hot-water bottle and laid the baby face downward on it. The woman was quieter after she had seen the policeman and realized something was being done. Miss Agatha was able to straighten the bedclothes and poke up the pillows.

Lee Roy stood helpless, shaking his head woefully. His brooding presence got more and more on Miss Agatha's nerves and the kerosene smell of the place was beginning to make her sick. She had a sudden thought, fought against it; and then acted on it at once without letting herself dwell upon it.

"Go upstairs," she told Lee Roy. "Here's my key. In the bottom drawer of the chest in my bedroom, under the clean sheets, you'll find an oblong box that says 'Cape Cod.' Bring it down to me. Now, don't go poking, for I'll know it if you do, and I'll speak to the officer. Lock the door after you."

Lee Roy was back quickly. He could not have poked, Miss Agatha thought happily. She took the green bayberry candle from its box, and with hardly a pang for all its remembrance of her last real vacation so many years ago, melted its end on a saucer and lighted it. The clean bayberry fragrance fought against the sour kerosene smell, and won.

In a few moments, Officer Konig clumped down the stairs carrying a baby bottle. A little dark man peered interestedly around his bulk. It was his bottle, he insisted on explaining, while Miss Agatha boiled it and then filled it with sweetened hot water. He, Melchior del Rey, he glad to give his bottle. She heard Officer Konig ask him if he were Spanish. Spanish, sure thing, but West Indies. Puerto Rican, good

American citizen. That's why he lend his bottle. No, his voice rang high, he give his bottle. Good-neighbor policy always for Melchior del Rey.

Miss Agatha turned over the child and gave him the warm sweetened water. The woman had long since sunk back on her pillows in silent, wide-eyed exhaustion. Miss Agatha hovered over the child, holding the bottle gently. The baby made satisfying little burps.

She stepped back after a while to her companions with a series of complimentary happy little nods.

"I think I have a little eau de cologne upstairs that would freshen the poor woman," she said half to the others, half to herself.

"I don't suppose there's anything else, ma'am," said Officer Konig, "I got to go ring up my box. That candle sure smells sweet. That was a nice idea." He and Miss Agatha stood together looking down on the now restful, complacent baby. The woman smiled.

"Cute little tike at that," said the patrolman. "I'd kind of like to give him something. Do you think she'd mind?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a bill. He pressed it in the woman's thin hand, and pointed to the child. Her hand closed on the money and she nodded her head and smiled. She spoke in a tired voice and then more eagerly, as the policeman answered her in the same language.

"Well, what do you know," he

said, "she's Jewish, like me! She ought to be taken care of. I thought they watched out for these refugees. Somebody must have slipped up. I'll get in touch." He spoke again quickly to the woman and seemed to call her by name. It sounded to Miss Agatha like Miriam.

"I am a German Jew," the policeman said. "Lower East side. My father's still there, a rabbi, a doctor in the law. We'll see that this Miriam here's taken care of. Seems her husband, Joe, is out looking for work. He's a cabinetmaker and very independent. He's a just man and didn't feel they should be on charity once they got here. Foolish, but some of us Jews are like that. It's a good thing," he said with a shy grin, "that we got good Christian neighbors."

Melchior del Rey felt that he had been ignored long enough. He bounced forward with a little gilt medal on a thin chain that he had pulled up over his head.

"Holy medal for the baby," he announced proudly. "Blessed by priest. Good-neighbor policy."

Officer Konig looked doubtful. "Don't know how she'd take it," he whispered to Miss Agatha. "She may be awful Orthodox." But when he spoke to the woman she answered eagerly and at length, and nodded all smiles at Melchior.

"Funny," said the policeman. "They already got one, a holy medal. Some nun give it to them when they was escaping the nazis over there. She helped them hide out in her

convent. Joe, that's the father, has it on now. She thinks maybe it will help him get a job. She says all things are holy from holy people." He turned to Melchior. "She says to put it around the baby's neck and thank you."

Lee Roy burst in with the cologne. Miss Agatha bathed the woman's face and neck and her thin hands, and combed her hair. Officer Konig departed with many assurances that everything would be taken care of. Melchior del Rey also vanished after many cluck-cluck-clucking farewell noises to the baby. Lee Roy seemed loath to go. It was as if he felt it was really his project, his and Miss Agatha's. They waited together in the flickering glow of the bayberry candle for the child's father to return.

When he came, his bearded face was aglow. He seemed startled as he pushed open the door to find Miss Agatha and Lee Roy; but his wife, in a now vigorous burst of speech, reassured him.

His English was scanty but the gratitude in his voice and his soft brown eyes was pitifully sincere. Miss Agatha tried to explain about Officer Konig, and somehow succeeded. His face was sad for a moment; but then it brightened as he turned and spoke swiftly and, it seemed, joyously to his wife. Her eyes shone.

He had obtained work, a good job at his own trade. He would be able to look for a better place for

the mother and baby, not such a cave, like a stable almost. No, God was good. And people were good. Such neighbors. So very kind.

Miss Agatha felt like crying. She backed to the door and signaled to Lee Roy to come, too. "They need to be alone now," she told him crossly to hide her foolish emotion.

"We certainly done good," Lee Roy told her earnestly as they parted

in the upstairs hallway. "It takes us Americans to handle a thing. I knew you was the only one in this house except me could handle things, and I don't know much about babies. But between us, we made out good."

Miss Agatha felt so tired when she got upstairs that she went straight to bed after her night prayers. But it was as pleasant a tired feeling as she had ever had.

This Struck Me

LEON BLOY was never reconciled to the hypocrisy of lukewarm Catholics who, while pretending to lead Christian lives, ignore the principles laid down by Christ. In "The Woman Who Was Poor" Bloy gives us, through the priest of Clotilde's vision, a grim reminder that Christ once said, "Would that you were hot or cold, but because thou art lukewarm, I will vomit thee out of My mouth." To his apathetic flock, the priest spoke these biting words of sarcasm:

The contingency of a Lord who might in His turn take you by the throats is just an invention of the priests. You owe nothing to anybody—your books are in perfect order—your fortunes, big or small, have been most honestly acquired, naturally—and all the laws are armed in your favor, including even the law of God. You have no idols at home—that is to say, you don't burn incense in front of wooden or stone images and adore them. You don't blaspheme—in fact, the name of the Lord is so far from your thoughts that it would never even occur to you to "take it in vain." On Sundays, you pay God the overwhelming honor of your presence at His church; it is the respectable thing to do, and sets a good example to the servants; and, after all, it doesn't really affect *you* in any way. You honor your fathers and mothers—in the sense that you don't fling handfuls of filth at their faces from morning to night. You do not kill—with the sword or with poison. That would be displeasing to men and might scare away your customers.

God, my brethren, is very terrible when it pleases Him to be terrible. There are here individuals who believe themselves to be among the Elect Souls, who frequent the sacraments often, and who oppress their brothers with burdens heavier than death. The question is whether they will be precipitated to the feet of their Judge before they awaken from their awful sleep.

*1947, Sheed & Ward, N. Y., \$3.

For similar contributions of this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

"And light was made" is a perfect description of creation, say the scientists

The Universe is Born

By NORMAN CARLISLE

Condensed from *Coronet**



THE latest scientific discoveries now provide a documented history of the universe right back to the most mystifying moment of all—Time: Zero, the moment before there was a universe! Everything that scientists now know shows that the universe was born in a single tremendous act of creation, as it is told in the Bible.

This epochal announcement was made by Dr. Ralph A. Alpher and Dr. Robert C. Herman of the Applied Physics laboratory of Johns Hopkins university, and Prof. George Gamow of George Washington university. To piece together the gigantic jigsaw puzzle of creation, they drew upon the works of hundreds of physicists, astronomers, geologists, and chemists. The few missing pieces in their revelations have been filled in by astronomers like Bart J. Bok and Frank L. Whipple, both of Harvard Observatory.

Look at Act I. A scientist in a darkened room is peering into a microscope. As he watches, tiny

flashes of light flicker steadily under his gaze, seconds apart, one after the other. Finally the scientist starts calculating. Then he takes a piece of the stuff he has had under the microscope, holds a Geiger counter to it. Click . . . click . . . click. The ticks show that it is radioactive.

The scientist was examining a piece of the oldest rock on earth. In the course of years, radioactive substances, like the uranium the scientist was examining, lose their radioactivity, change into different elements. The scientist learned that it takes uranium 5 billion years to lose its radioactivity and turn to lead. Here was a significant clue in the history of our planet. The rock he was examining was thought to be the oldest on earth. Yet only 37% of this uranium had turned to lead!

Now 37% of 5 billion is 1,850,000,000. By doing more calculating, making allowances for errors, the scientist came up with a figure: approximately 2 billion years. Mark it well, for in this cosmic drama you will hear it again.

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Two billion years. To the scientist this meant that the earth's materials could not be much older than that. Here was evidence that if you go back about 2 billion years, maybe a little more, you will come to Time: Zero. Emptiness . . . nothing . . . a moment when there was no earth, no universe.

In Act II we see astronomer Bok at work. He studies a pile of photographs with growing amazement. He, too, turns away to do some calculating, excitedly comes back to the photos—pictures of the Milky Way, the galaxy that is the home of our own earth. To understand what Bok saw in them, consider the Milky Way as an enormous wheel. Scattered about the wheel are millions of stars. The whole gigantic wheel is spinning around a flaming hub, the galactic center, where great numbers of stars are packed close together.

This spinning movement tears clusters of stars apart. With each complete turn of the wheel, the stars of a cluster should be farther apart. After many turns, the astronomers had concluded, there would be no loose clusters left.

That was what stunned astronomer Bok. On those photos he had seen hundreds of loose star clusters. This added up to one stark fact: the Milky Way had not revolved very many times.

Now it takes something like 250 million years for the Milky Way to revolve once. After more than ten

or 15 revolutions all the loose clusters would have been torn apart. Yet he saw hundreds that were not torn apart. Bok reasoned that the Milky Way had gone around eight times. That would have taken about 2 billion years.

A scientist looking at a piece of earth had estimated it was about 2 billion years old. Another scientist peering into our galaxy had found it must be about 2 billion years old. Had they found the date for that fateful moment, for The Beginning?

Now let's look at Act III. An astronomer on a California mountaintop is peering out into the black abyss of space—far beyond our own Milky Way, to nebulae half a million light years away. (Remember that light travels almost 6 trillion miles a year.) The photographs he is taking show something so unbelievable that he cannot credit his senses. The galaxies are rushing away into space at frightful speeds, like particles of an exploding shell.

The man who saw the universe exploding was famed Edwin Powell Hubble, who worked with astronomical photographer Milton Humason. Intricate calculations revealed that the nebulae were racing away through space at speeds up to 25,000 miles a second.

Scientists all over the world went to work on this fantastic mystery. They visualized a backward flight of the galaxies, like a motion picture in which you see water leaping back

into a pail. Then they proceeded to bring the galaxies back along their tracks through space. Their complicated mathematics brought them to a stunning conclusion—the one reached by Alpher, Herman, and Gamow. The galaxies had indeed come from the same spot in space. And what was more, these hurtling and now-distant masses of matter had begun their flight between 2 and 3 billion years ago.

Could all the galaxies, all the countless millions upon billions of stars, have been jampacked into a tiny point of space, perhaps no bigger than our own solar system? The scientists concluded that they could have been—but not in the form of stars. With all the materials that would make a universe compressed into this minute area, conditions of pressure and heat would have been such that not even matter could have existed.

This primordial life stuff of the universe must have been made up of sheer energy, blazing with inconceivable power—energy so overwhelming that, by comparison, the heart of an atomic bomb is a mere firecracker. How long it had been there, where it had come from to begin with, the scientists cannot even imagine. They cannot probe beyond Time: Zero.

They do know that, at the zero hour, there must have been some tremendous stirring in that unimaginable “universe egg.” It surged within and exploded. No human

guesswork can be bold enough to envisage the shattering thrust of pure driving energy which started the race through space. Not a race of stars or solid pieces of matter, only of radiant energy.

Alpher, Herman, and Gamow have worked out a timetable of events after that first moment of explosion. In just four of our minutes, they estimate, the energy had expanded by billions of miles. Its temperature dropped swiftly from billions of degrees Centigrade to perhaps 1 billion degrees.

Now came a tremendous turning point, next to the explosion itself the greatest moment in all physical history. Up to this point, there had been no atoms, only seething energy, consisting of wildly racing neutrons. With today's knowledge of what goes on in the heart of the atom, nuclear scientists are able to figure out what happened next.

The neutrons slowed down, giving off part of their electrical charge in the form of tiny packets of energy that we now know as electrons. Somehow these electrons arranged themselves around the neutrons, forming electronic envelopes.

Here were the first atoms. The universe now had building blocks. First came the atoms of uranium and thorium, with many electrons; then, stage by stage the atoms of lighter elements, with fewer electrons. Each drop in temperature and pressure created a condition exactly right for the formation of a different

kind of atom—until at last the final one of hydrogen, with only a single electron, was created.

In one fantastic hour after the cosmic explosion, all the 92 elements had been formed. In one hour, there they were—all the atoms that would make all the galaxies, planets, suns, all the substances in the earth, even all living creatures. Nothing would ever be added.

Now jump ahead 10 million years. The great mass of elements is still a seething, uniformly distributed substance, but it has expanded enormously, rushing out billions of miles through space. There are still no stars—only a vast expanse of dust and radiation. But the stage is set for another mighty act.

The particles of dust begin to change their relative positions until they are no longer evenly distributed. Distinct clouds of dust begin to form. Here is where the words "let there be light" come to have tremendous significance. For part of the radiant energy existent in that unformed universe was in the form of light, and this force, say astronomers like Whipple and Lyman Spitzer of Princeton, was what made the stars, the sun, our own earth.

But how could light make stars? Because of the fact that seems fantastic to anyone but a physicist: light, being a form of energy, exerts pressure.

Through variations in light intensity, one dust particle cast a shad-

ow on another, slowed it up by reducing light pressure on it. The particle that cast the shadow caught up with the one in the shadow, joined it. The two cast a still bigger shadow, cut off the light pressure on more particles, and so on and on until there was a whole cloud of loosely joined dust. Nothing much like a star here. But wait.

There is a swirling motion in that dust cloud. As it spins, the particles draw closer and closer together until, finally, about a billion years after it first began to form, the cloud's diameter has shrunk to 6,000 billion miles. At this point a mighty battle begins—light pressure versus gravity. And gravity wins.

The dust cloud begins to shrink still more, getting denser as it does; as density increases, so does the force of gravity. The inward rush of particles becomes a mighty hurricane of motion. According to Whipple, a few hundred years after the moment that gravity first won out, the dust cloud has collapsed into a star.

The furious dash of the particles has also created heat—savage temperatures of billions of degrees—setting off nuclear reactions in the carbon, hydrogen and helium. The star becomes a mighty atomic engine, a blazing sun.

But where are the planets? The scientists have figured that out too, as part of this grand scheme of things. No more do they hold to the old theory that a chance visit by a passing star ripped pieces out of the

sun. Instead, they say, our earth, and all the other planets, and probably countless billions of planets revolving around other suns, were made just as the stars were made—from clouds of dust.

Having reconstructed the past, the scientists are now looking at the present. They have come up with a surprising revelation—far from being tired, old, and run-down, the universe is active, still fresh enough to be in the throes of creation. It was Bok who first came upon this stupendous fact.

On a photograph of a section of the Milky Way, Bok saw a dark patch. Was it a photographic blemish—or something else? Eagerly he thumbed through a stack of Milky Way prints. On all of them he found the same tiny black spots.

Suddenly Bok realized what they were—pictures of gigantic dust clouds. Here was another overwhelming thought. Were those clouds going to turn into stars? Was the creation process still going?

Bok knew there was a way to get an answer. Astrophysicists had ar-

rived at that 6,000 billion mile diameter as the point at which the particles in a dust cloud would suddenly start to rush inwards to form a star.

Bok began to check hundreds of photographs, measuring each cloud. Most were more than 6,000 billion miles in diameter. To Bok, and many astronomers, here was conclusive evidence that the clouds had not yet collapsed into stars. And it explained the mystery that had long puzzled the sky-scanners.

Why are some stars blazing so brightly when they should long since have been burned black if they are as old as the rest of the universe? Here was the answer. They are young stars.

Science has passed a great milestone in presenting this stirring story of creation. Yet, magnificent a scientific achievement as this cosmic timetable may be, even top scientists must recognize the most profound mystery of all still remains: how did life emerge from the nuclear fluid that became cosmic dust that became the suns and planets?

A Wife Heard Round the World

A HAM radio operator in Johannesburg, South Africa, sat at his transmitter, talking to a brother ham in Australia. Suddenly the man in Australia cut in with, "I say, old man, go unlock your door, your wife is outside freezing!"

It was true—the lady had locked herself out, and her husband was so engrossed in his hobby that he didn't hear her calls for help. She ran to the home of a neighbor, and phoned another amateur radioman who promptly got in touch with the man in Australia who, in turn, relayed the message back to her husband. In a few minutes, her plea for help traveled some 15,000 miles.

*The first forward passes
needed a good fullback*

Rockne, Dorais and Eichenlaub

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the New York Times*

HERE was an item in the paper the other day that Ray Eichenlaub had died suddenly. Unless you are a Notre Dame man or a fairly close follower of football, the chances are that you never even heard of him. Yet he was an important man in sports history. If Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais revolutionized the game by popularizing the forward pass in the first Army-Notre Dame game in 1913, Eichenlaub made it possible. He was their fullback.

What a fullback he was. Walter Camp named him on his second All-America team at a time when he rarely bothered to look beyond Yale, Princeton and Harvard for candidates, and practically never went digging in the depths where Notre Dame was then located. He must have been twice the performer he was credited with being.

A story is told, probably apocryphal, but none the less indicative of his talents. The Fighting Irish had just given some team a frightful battering with the most generous contributor of assorted knocks and bruises being the very large and

blonde Mr. Eichenlaub. The enemy team wearily clambered aboard the streetcar back to town. The trolley was jammed to the gunwales as it stopped at a corner to pick up just one more passenger.

The passenger was a woman. She was big and very determined. Her arms were full of packages, and with matronly disdain she muscled her way inside the car, trampling underfoot and brushing aside the visiting football players. She grimly dug an elbow into one husky's ribs and sent him toppling.

"Look out, fellers," he sang out. "Here comes Eichenlaub's mother."

It's odd the name of Eichenlaub rarely comes up when that first Army-Notre Dame game is mentioned. He played a vitally important part in it. Yet the only two names to emerge from that classic struggle were Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais. In fact this pair caught a much larger share of immortality than they deserve, including credit for inventing the forward pass. That, of course, belongs to Eddie Cochems of St. Louis in 1907.

But the pass had been used only

sparingly when some cadet manager, to fill in an open date on the Army schedule, picked the then unknown Notre Dame. Little did Rockne and Dorais imagine the effect their preseason vacation together would have on the gridiron structure. They worked together as lifeguards and spent endless hours in practicing forward passing.

Army was ranked as one of the mighty in that 1913 season. But once Dorais, the smart quarterback, began to pitch passes to Rockne, an even smarter end, the cadet defenses fell apart. Gus was passing them dizzy and he completed 12 in a row, if the statistics would interest you.

The West Pointers were so helpless they took unorthodox means to check so unorthodox an assault. In those days, please remember, the only set defense was a seven-man line. Army, harassed and desperate, began to drop back its guards to protect their passes. Enter the villain, Raymond J. Eichenlaub.

Once the guards dropped back, Dorais sent the huge Eichenlaub plummeting through the middle and tore the Army line to shreds. The cadets rushed two guards into the front wall. Dorais began to pass. Back dropped the guards. In rocketed Eichenlaub with savage force. Up came the guards. Dorais resumed passing. Army was caught in a whipsaw and the unbeaten cadets went down in a 35-13 upset that stunned the nation.

From the West Point way of

thinking, it was a most profitable setback. Messrs. Dorais and Rockne condescended to remain over on the Plains for a couple of days and teach the soldier boys something about the art of forward passing. By means of the overhead attack, Army conquered hitherto unbeaten Navy. Thus began a relationship which was to bloom mightily until it suddenly withered and died a couple of years ago, artificially killed by you-know-who.

It also is of interest that this original game was responsible for the invention of the most unstoppable of all pass plays, the buttonhook. Naturally enough, Rockne invented it. Also, naturally enough, it happened by accident.

Rock was tearing downfield to catch a pass from his roommate, teammate and close friend, Dorais. An Army defender was tearing along with him. Rock tripped while in full flight, fell, picked himself up and turned in time to take the throw. The average player would never have given this maneuver a second thought. But Rock had more brains than brawn to start with, a scholastic average of 93.1 for his four years at Notre Dame.

His restive mind instantly realized that this accidental play had limitless possibilities. The receiver merely needed to race downfield with the defender and then hook back upfield to shake him off. Since the maneuver is not unlike the curling back of a buttonhook, that's the

name it earned. Rock's genius had already started to function.

Everyone who knows the slightest bit about football is fully aware of the historic connotations of Notre Dame's first visit to the Plains. But unless they had had a truly tremendous fullback to keep the defense "honest," the upstarts from Indiana could have left their forward passes in South Bend. They wouldn't have worked.

They were lucky enough to have the fullback they needed in Eichenlaub. His rushes and the passing attack of the other two caught Army in a whipsaw. The cadets had had a lead of 13 to 7. Then Notre Dame struck, overhead and along the ground. The biggest ground gainer of them all was Eichenlaub. His untimely death is worthy of much more than casual notice. He was a pretty good fullback, you see.

Converts Who Have Written

A SURPRISING number of famous American and British authors are converts to Catholicism. Their work exerts an important effect on modern thought. How many do you know?

Here is a list of 20. Test your knowledge by placing the correct book or play title after the name of its author. (Answers on page 112.)

Sheila Kaye-Smith		<i>Angel in the House</i> ¹
Sigrid Undset	15	<i>Trees and other Poems</i> ²
G. K. Chesterton	16	<i>Biography of Newman</i> ³
F. Marion Crawford		<i>This is My Story</i> ⁴
Giovanni Papini	18	<i>Apostle of Charity</i> ⁵
Clare Boothe Luce		<i>Evolution and Catholicity</i> ⁶
Ronald Knox	13	<i>American Wonderland</i> ⁷
Joyce Kilmer	2	<i>Rebuilding a Lost Faith</i> ⁸
Thomas Merton	12	<i>Dinner at Antoine's</i> ⁹
Graham Greene		<i>The Heart of the Matter</i> ¹⁰
Fulton Oursler	19	<i>The Women</i> ¹¹
Evelyn Waugh	20	<i>The Seven Storey Mountain</i> ¹²
Frances Parkinson Keyes		<i>Translation of the Bible</i> ¹³
Theodore Maynard		<i>Susan Spray</i> ¹⁴
Sir Bertram Windle		<i>Kristin Lavransdatter</i> ¹⁵
Shane Leslie		<i>Orthodoxy</i> ¹⁶
Wilfrid Meynell		<i>Sarascinesca</i> ¹⁷
Louis Budenz	4	<i>Life of Christ</i> ¹⁸
John L. Stoddard	8	<i>The Greatest Story Ever Told</i> ¹⁹
Coventry Patmore		<i>Brideshead Revisited</i> ²⁰

His job is to make everyone afraid, but he is afraid of the men who are afraid of him

Minister of Fear: *Lavrenti Beria*

By WALTER CRONKITE

Condensed chapter of a book*

WALTER CRONKITE, a veteran UP correspondent, covered the war at sea, in the air, and on the ground from Pearl Harbor to the landings in Holland, after which he reported the legal post-mortems at Nuremberg. He organized UP's postwar coverage in the Low Countries, then headed its bureau in Moscow. There he passed two years in the climate of fear of which he writes.

LAVRENTI PAVLOVICH BERIA is potentially the most powerful man on earth. For Beria personally controls the Soviet Union's secret police, and the Soviet Union is a police state.

The spies who work for Beria are everywhere. They are in the Kremlin itself. They are in the smallest collective farm in the farthest reaches of Siberia. They are in government offices in Washington, London, Paris, and Bangkok.

From this greatest network of secret operatives the world has ever known, Beria assembles a vast amount of information. How much of it he passes on to his fellow members of the Politburo is for him to decide. He knows more about what is

going on inside and outside the Soviet Union than any other member of that ruling group, and knowledge is power.

Formally and officially, Beria is not now in charge of the Ministry of Internal Affairs or of the Ministry of State Security, the two branches of the Soviet government that exercise the police power. He relinquished those jobs in 1946—officially. But no one doubts in the

least that he still controls them and that he still is the police state's number one policeman.

Two policemen of hardly more than civil service position run the two ministries. The cables that carry the power they wield end up in a master control switch on Beria's desk in the Kremlin.



*Men Who Make Your World (By Members of the Overseas Press Club). Copyright, 1949, 70 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 4th Ave., New York City, 10. 319 pp. \$3.50.

The Ministries of Internal Affairs and State Security are in charge of all uniformed police; of all jails, prisons, and forced-labor camps; of all State Security troops, an elite, military-type police numbering into the hundreds of thousands; of all frontier guards; of all civilian registration services, recording events such as births, marriages and divorces, and deaths, and issuing all the myriad documents without which life and travel in the Soviet Union are impossible.

These are the powers spelled out in black and white in the law. Additionally, these ministries are in charge of most espionage outside the Soviet Union, counter intelligence within the Soviet Union, and, most vicious of all, the complex network of informers comprising the Kremlin's espionage against its own people.

Handed to them are the special problems which arise from time to time to worry or endanger the regime. They, or their predecessors—the dread and infamous Cheka, OGPU, and NKVD—took over the job of guarding the communist state as soon as the military operations of the civil war were over. They put down the peasant resistance to collectivization, prosecuted the espionage and sabotage trials of the mid-30's, and conducted the purges which went with them.

It was they—that is, Beria—who were handed at the end of the last war the difficult job of reorienting

the millions of Red army soldiers who had had a chance to see the world outside of Russia.

For a quarter of a century the Bolsheviks, and for hundreds of years before them the czars, had kept the Russian people from knowing how low their standard of living was and how few liberties they enjoyed compared with their neighbors to the west. What would happen when millions of them found out the truth?

It was Beria's problem. First of all, the old system of political commissars attached to the troops was resumed. Their job was twofold. First, they were to keep the soldiers well propagandized. When the Red army men swept into a house in Budapest, say, they would marvel at the modern kitchen and bath, at the furnishings, at the expanse of the three-room flat. It was the commissar's job to point out that this, obviously, was the home of a dirty capitalist exploiter of the proletarian masses.

He would say it was unfortunate that his soldiers weren't getting a chance to see the slums on the other side of town where the majority of the people had to live in squalor that a Russian couldn't imagine. On the other side of town another commissar was telling his group the same thing.

This preventive medicine couldn't be very effective, particularly during a long occupation. But the second, and more important, func-

tion of the commissars was this: they figured out each soldier's power to resist the blandishments of the West.

A constant flow of reports went back from commissars to secret-police headquarters in Moscow. There the fate of each man was decided. That decision depended on the impression the West had made on him and the probabilities of his talking too much and too glowingly of the things he had seen to the people back home.

Those who were "secure" could return to their old homes and jobs when demobilized. But the others met other fates, depending on their reactions abroad. Mildest cases of Western infection were demobilized. But when it came time to get jobs, it turned out, mysteriously, that they were assigned posts in distant cities or villages. There they knew no one; they would not know who to trust with their wonderful stories of life beyond the iron curtain. They kept their silence. More serious cases were, in many cases, left in the army, where reindoctrination could be more intensively applied than in civilian life. Some ended up in Siberian labor gangs.

Beria ordered a propaganda campaign to erase the last suspicion from the mind of every returning soldier that there was anything better abroad than his own life in Russia.

The campaign gave rise to the grotesque claims that Russians had

invented everything from the steam engine and the electric light to penicillin and atomic energy. Red army veterans were even told that the jeeps and trucks they drove and admired were not American at all, as they had first believed. This story was told them over and over again, and, like dripping water, it wore away the stone of their memory.

In carrying out this part of the campaign, Beria was, indirectly, telling newspapers what to publish, writers what to write, composers what to compose, singers what to sing, and dancers what to dance.

Another reason for Beria's power is the fact that he is the greatest slave trader of all time.

He directly controls the lives and labors of 14 to 20 million persons. (Estimates of the exact number vary and perhaps only Beria knows the real figure.) They are the slave labor of the work camps and prisons. The whole economy of the Soviet Union is built upon them.

There is scarcely a major Soviet construction project that is not going up with Beria labor. Slave labor is pushing the railroads out into Siberia and the Urals; slave labor is rebuilding the Dnieper dam; slave labor is working the flooded and dangerous Donbas mines; slave labor is cutting the forests of the Arctic north; slave labor is mining the Siberian goldfields.

It is as impossible for the Soviet Union to dispense with this cheap labor now as it would be for it to

put the Republican party on its next ballot. Without it, this economy that preys on itself could not pay for its armaments program, its reconstruction program, the needs of its day-to-day existence.

Even with this gigantic slave labor force, which now includes almost one person in every ten, its economy is on a bare subsistence level. It is up to Beria to keep the costs of slave labor down to the very minimum, so that every available kopek can go into other operations.

He has done this by permitting his prisoners to live in indescribable squalor for which only Buchenwald and Ravensbruck are precedents. His laborers sleep crowded on board bunks without mattresses, pillows or covers. They get two meals a day of cabbage and water, or half-spoiled fish, or unhusked oats.

They are shipped in cattle cars from one job to another, left frequently to live in dugouts in bitter winter cold until they themselves build crude barracks. Women and children share this fate. And no one in Russia is free from the fear of committing a political crime and ending up in a labor camp.

Many of the inmates have committed no crime at all. This slave labor has become so essential to the continuation of the Soviet regime that its ranks are now kept full by purely arbitrary seizure of "suspected" persons. They are snatched from their beds by Beria's police, given a trial by secret kangaroo courts,

and are removed without ever seeing their families again. The next of kin is notified by a postcard which does not tell the crime of which the loved one has been accused, the length of the sentence received, or where he or she has been shipped. This is part of the efficiency that Beria has brought to his job.

He has further enhanced the efficiency of the slave labor force by permitting a practice that inmates call "dying away." Those who fall sick or whose morale sinks so low that they give up trying, crawl onto their bunks, take their reduced rations, and let themselves starve to death.

It probably was this control of the labor force and the security forces that were the deciding factor in the appointment of Beria to head the Soviet Union's atom program.

There are other reasons why this appointment would be logical. For one thing, Beria is a graduate architect and has proved highly efficient at supervising construction in the past. And also, it has been Beria's men who have directed the nation's frantic, sometimes foolhardy, effort to get our atomic secrets.

Beria has another source of secret power. His laborers mine the great quantities of gold that the Soviet is taking out of the Siberian fields. Presumably the Russian financial experts know how much has been mined, and its ultimate destination. Beria shares this secret with them. This could be important.

Western economists have long recognized the possibility of an economic blitz by the Soviet Union. This would be accomplished in several ways simultaneously. One way would be to dump large quantities of gold on the world market. The price of the yellow stuff would plummet, and economic chaos could result. Beria would be one of the engineers of that disruptive coup.

Beria's greatest strength lies in this: that he is the Soviet Union's Minister of Fear.

Fear is the predominating emotion in Russia. The government fears capitalist encirclement and aggression. The Politburo fears the people. Members of the Politburo fear each other. The people fear the Politburo, the government, and each other.

Lavrenti Beria can, almost at will, turn on and off this fear. Through the reports of his spies, the government's fear of the West can be intensified or diminished. Through the reports of his informers, the Politburo's fear of the people and of each other can be heightened or lowered. Through the actions of his police, the number and frequency of arrests, and the propaganda campaigns in the press, the fear of the people can be controlled, and, hence, their emotions and actions dominated.

Nearly every family in the Soviet Union has a loved one in a concentration camp. Fear for their safety

keeps those still free in line. No Soviet citizen may go abroad to serve his government unless some relatives are left behind. Fear for their safety keeps the officials abroad in line. Fear for their families keeps the number of desertions from the Soviet army in Germany and Austria from being larger than it is.

How efficient Beria's police force is, man for man, is a moot point. There is a fantastic system of records and cataloguing that sets down the movements of every Soviet citizen from birth to grave. This is supplemented by a dossier of the subject's opinions on everything from his neighbor's children to Stalin's omnipotency, as reported by informers such as his wife or his best friend. This information gives the police an advantage no other national police force has.

They also are aided considerably by an official policy of ruthlessness that makes our third degree look like a Sunday-school teacher's admonition to a naughty pupil.

When Beria decided to become a cop in 1921, he was a 23-year-old communist of four years' standing. He had joined the party as a student organizer while at Baku Polytechnical institute, from which he graduated as a "technician-architect and constructor."

The young, clean-cut, smart-looking intellectual was, according to his official biography, the son of downtrodden peasant parents of the Sukhum district of Georgia. This

is highly unlikely, and is probably the first fib on which Beria's communist career was built.

Official biographies show that most of the top Bolsheviks came from the families of downtrodden workers or downtrodden peasants. It is highly unfashionable in the Soviet Union to have come from any other social class. But Beria's general appearance both then and now, and the fact that he could afford to attend college, belie such humble beginnings in a day when, it is true, most of the peasants and workers of Russia were downtrodden and grindingly poor.

He was lucky to have been born in Georgia, which was Stalin's birthplace, and to begin his Bolshevik activity in the Caucasian area, where Stalin was actively directing operations. He served the party well as a courier between headquarters in Georgia and Azerbaijan. He came to the personal notice of Stalin and, more important still at that time, to the notice of Stalin's close friend and most intimate adviser, Ordzhonikidze.

On the latter's recommendation, the young Georgian was named assistant director of the Azerbaijan Cheka—the first of the terror-police organizations.

He showed such talent in ridding Azerbaijan of opponents to Bolshevism—except for the red spots they left against the bright yellow walls of the Azerbaijan buildings—that within a year he was promoted to

head of the Cheka for all of the Caucasus.

It was in 1926, though, that he really hit the high road to Moscow and to the second most powerful job, next to Stalin's.

In that year he put down a revolt in Georgia with such ruthlessness that his name became synonymous with cruelty in the land of his birth. Some of the reports of those blood-letting times say that Beria purged members of his own family—ordered them shot for alleged crimes against this new state which had now become his only passion.

Soon after, he was made the secretary of the party committee for the Caucasus area. This, combined with his job as Commissar of Internal Affairs of the Caucasus, made him virtual dictator of the region, subject only to Moscow.

By communist standards, he did an excellent job there. He consolidated the farm collectivization and stepped up industrial production—and killed off the opposition by mass arrests, disappearances, deportations and executions.

He traveled frequently to Moscow and often saw Stalin to regale him with tales of communist progress in the dictator's native land. He considerably enhanced his career by turning out an apple-polishing history of Bolshevism. It was the first book to give Stalin distorted credit for the whole revolution and all that followed it.

When the purges of 1936-38 came

and all Russia was plunged into the wildest blood bath in the world since the French Revolution, Beria played his role in it until a fateful event occurred about which history is obscure.

The version with which most Russian experts agree is that Nicolai Yezhov, then head of the NKVD and director of the orgy of arrests and executions, put Beria's name on a list of high party officials marked for execution which already had been signed by Stalin.

Beria is said to have learned of the plot through friends in Moscow. He sped to Stalin, unveiled the plot, and got Yezhov's job. He then, in turn, apparently liquidated Yezhov—which is a fair sort of tit for tat in Russia. At least Yezhov disappeared and has not been heard from since.

Whatever the circumstances, Beria became head of the NKVD early in 1939. This was the climax of the purges. Beria's role became that of the great untangler. He was called the purger of the purgers. He executed the purgers and undid their excesses. He released thousands from prison and restored thousands of others to the Communist party ranks.

Stalin and his chief advisers all about the same time sensed that the purge had gone too far, that it was undermining the people's courage and initiative, and seriously reflecting on production. It, however, solidified Stalin in power, and with

him, Beria, now the boss' right arm.

Beria's power in the Politburo itself is believed to be great. He frequently is mentioned as one of a triumvirate that might take over when Stalin dies. The others are Molotov and Georgi Malenkov.

Molotov is the elder statesman and the perfect man of prestige to head a government. Malenkov is the new party boss since the death of Zhdanov in September, 1948. He can be expected to run the ruling Bolshevik party in a manner to which it has been accustomed. And Beria controls the police—an obvious reason for including him.

Malenkov and Beria, incidentally, are fast friends. They nearly always sit together at state functions, and foreign diplomats have been shocked at their rudeness. They frequently ignore the proceedings while they whisper behind the backs of their hands. They have been known to be so engrossed in their conversation that they have missed cues for toasts proposed by Stalin himself. This embarrasses Malenkov but not Beria, who is a cool customer. When meeting others, foreigners at least, he extends a cold, clammy hand with as much grip as a bowl of Jello, looks the person straight in the eye for a very brief second, and mumbles a barely audible greeting.

Certain questions may well be asked about Beria: How can Stalin afford to permit Beria to exercise all this power? Could he not turn it against Stalin and seize the govern-

ment himself? What could stop him? Could not he, in fact, order Stalin's execution by the guards he personally has posted round Stalin?

Not very likely. First of all, Beria has been picked for the job because of his supreme loyalty to Stalin. But this in itself would not be enough. There is no question that Beria is subject to the same invisible system of controls that he himself has placed on others, both inside and outside the Soviet Union. And, precisely because of his own power, the watch on Beria is probably more intense than that on any other Russian.

In a regime built on suspicion, there can be no question that a picked number of Beria's closest advisers, office staff and household help actually are personal retainers of Stalin, or Malenkov, or any other member of the Politburo who might wish to know—well in advance—of

all Beria's intentions and actions.

Beria is just as much the victim as the perpetuator of a system. He is not only the world's master cop—he will be its master suspect should anything happen to Stalin. Already he is guilty, not only of crimes already committed, but of crimes he has the power to commit.

The men who shape the destiny of the Soviet Union are not important for themselves alone. They are also important because of the things for which they stand.

Of all the doctrines and policies which form the Soviet Union's philosophy and life, there is none more far-reaching nor more heinous than that of the all-powerful police, its degradation of human dignity, and its employment of slave labor.

These are things that fashion history. And today the personification of these things is a man named Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria.



A bus owned by a Catholic church in Mercer, Wisconsin, takes public high-school students to the school they attend in Hurley, about 20 miles away. Father Joseph Higgins decided to carry the public-school youngsters when it became apparent that they could not otherwise get to class. "Here is a concrete example of true democracy," the priest said, "and strange to say, the people here do not seem to think that there is any union of Church and state."

Carrying public-school students along with Catholic passengers has become so popular that the bus is too small to meet the demand for transportation. Next year, Father Higgins said, he wants to get a new, larger bus.

Rochester *Courier-Journal* (23 Dec. '49).

Some answers to the question: Will a bear attack a man?

Man-Killing Bears

By E. C. JANES

Condensed from the *Open Road for Boys**

HANK MARTIN reached his lonely trapper's cabin, hidden in the rugged Kenai valley, on an October afternoon. Having set up camp, he went to the spring behind the shack. As he bent down to fill his pail, a big Kodiak bear charged, growling, from the thicket. There was no time to run; the huge beast knocked him flat across the pool. As he lay stunned, a giant paw with cruel, curved claws raked his body, tearing into his entrails, and terrible jaws crunched through his shoulder. Another blow, and the bear ambled away, rumbling, believing his victim dead.

For a few moments, Hank lay there, turning the spring to crimson. Then, dizzily, he crawled the 50 feet to his cabin—how, no one knows. He was miles from civilization in the heart of the Alaskan wilderness. Hank feebly scrawled a mes-

sage. Then he joined the hundreds of men who have met death from the great brown bears of Alaska.

The Kodiak bear is the largest carnivorous animal in North America and probably in the world. No one knows just how large he may grow. Owing to the inaccessibility of his habitat and the difficulty of shooting him, larger bears have been seen than have ever been shot. Furthermore, few persons have scales handy to weigh their trophies. There is, however, a mounted brown bear in the American Museum of Natural History which weighed 1600 pounds when it was killed, about three times the size of a full-grown African lion.

The Kodiaks are closely related to the grizzly bears, but have a lighter coloring, higher shoulders, wider heads, and shorter claws. The giant beasts have



killed and carried off moose and bison weighing half a ton.

They have none of the comic drollery of their small cousin, the black bear. Several are in captivity in zoos, but however long they are imprisoned, they remain savage, ever watchful for a chance to attack. Even the fierce polar bear is mild by comparison.

Dyton Gelliland, veteran Alaskan guide, tells of clambering over a rocky ledge beside a salmon river. As he crawled over the top of a boulder, he almost stepped on an old she-bear stretched out upon the rocks.

"I didn't wait to say hello," he relates. "I took a header over her into the river 15 feet below and rolled under a big rock beside the shore. The bear hit the water about a second behind me, but, fortunately, kept on across the stream, where she thought I had gone."

Kodiaks depend upon keen hearing and scenting ability to locate both food and danger. Their eyesight is very poor, which fact undoubtedly saved Gelliland's life.

Then there was Tom Hathaway, another old sourdough trapper, who was packing his winter's catch of furs across a portage. All at once, close beside the trail, he heard the castanet-like clicking of tusks which warns of a charging bear. He dropped his pack and raced for the nearest spruce. Even then he was almost too late. As he climbed for dear life, a big brownie which had exploded

from the brush took a swipe at him and ripped the sole from his boot ten feet above the ground.

Growling, the beast went to the fur pack, and Tom shouted at him. Once more the bear charged the tree and this time his terrible blows cracked the trunk. Tom clung to the swaying branches, resolving not to shout again, to let the bear have his furs. At that moment his partner came and shot the animal.

Kodiak bears range over Kodiak island and the adjacent mainland, but their related species wander over much of coastal Alaska, spreading destruction and terror among wildlife and men. The adult bears go into winter quarters sometime in late October or November. It is during this period that the cubs, usually two, are born.

Salmon is the food that the Kodiaks love best. From June to October, various kinds, humpback, silver, sockeye, run up the Alaskan rivers, and bears are on hand to greet them. Early arrivals among the fishermen are sure to find the bears ahead of them. They wade into a shallow pool and wait with the patience of a cat for a salmon to come within reach. Then, a lightning sweep of their forepaw with its great curved claws scoops up the luckless fish.

Besides salmon, rodents, and other small game, Kodiaks will kill and carry off sheep, pigs and even cows and horses. Single blows from their mighty paws will fell a full-grown

steer, and the terrible jaws can crack a horse's backbone like a matchstick. The bears formerly limited their depredations to mountain sheep, goats, and moose, but as game decreased and farming expanded they turned more and more to domestic animals.

A big male bear, finding a hunting territory to his liking, will rear up, and, with teeth and claws, mark a tree at the highest point he can reach. The mark is his public notice that this is his domain. Other bears wandering into the area find the scarred trees and measure them. If the newcomer can't reach the mark made by the "king" he will make haste to get out of the country. If, however, he finds that his own mark is higher than the original, he will likely remain.

In time, he will undoubtedly encounter his rival and then a fight to the finish takes place. One or the other is killed or runs away. A government wildlife agent witnessed one such battle. Hundreds of square yards of terrain were torn up across the battlefield and the snarling and bellowing sounded like something from the prehistoric world.

Jack Carroll, prospecting in a rocky gorge, came face to face with an old male in the early summer. Jack was near his camp and had brought along his double-barreled shotgun on the chance of shooting a ptarmigan for supper. Instinctively, as the bear charged him, he thrust the gun into its mouth. The bear's

jaw smashed down upon the barrels and crushed them. But before they did so, Jack pulled both triggers and the twin charges broke the bear's neck.

Even with a rifle, a man may not be safe. Veteran woodsmen always warn the tenderfoot to fire at the open mouth of a charging brownie. This will usually stop them, but not always. A party of trappers came upon the body of a man lying beside a dead brown bear. The big brute had lived long enough with a bullet in his brain to run more than 70 yards and kill his attacker.

Some naturalists claim that the great brown bears of Alaska will not attack humans unless provoked. They say the brownie will take to his heels at the approach of man. But one of the same men, in upholding his point, tells a rather harrowing story. Nearing a stand of spruce, he suddenly saw, but a few feet away, a huge Kodiak bear running toward him. He had just time to thrust out his rifle when the bear was upon him. It swerved, knocked him down, and passed on, leaving him bruised and clawed. But it did not offer to bite him. It was this gentleman's contention that the bear was only trying to get away. It would be hard to convince Gelliland, Hathaway or Carroll that this was a true explanation. And even if it is true, it still proves that in dealing with brown bears, discretion is the better part of valor.

*A steadily forged chain
finally encircles the globe*

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate

By PATRICK BRADY, O.M.I.

WITH the opening of their new mission on the island of Shikoku, Japan, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have forged the last link in a chain of missions that circles the globe. Yet the Order was founded only a little over 130 years ago.

There was little thought of circling the globe on that day, when Father Eugène de Mazenod, later the Bishop of Marseilles, gathered around him five other priests in a deserted Carmelite convent in Aix, France. Father de Mazenod wanted to re-evangelize post-revolutionary France. He sent those first members of his society two by two into the towns and hamlets of Provence. Threats from governmental authorities and the scoffing of freethinkers did not stop them. In 1826, the Society received canonical approbation from Pope Leo XII.

With the end of opposition the Congregation spread rapidly. Today, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are the sixth largest male Congregation in the Church, numbering

over 6,000 professed members. The fields of their missionary endeavor read like a world atlas: South Africa, the Cameroons, Haiti, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina, Belgian Congo, the Philippines, Australia, the Central Arctic, Yukon, French Indo-China, and Japan.

From the very beginning, the Oblates sought out the poorest and most abandoned people. No poor parish, no prison nor pest house was too insignificant for them. Their motto was, "You have sent me to preach the Gospel to the poor."

The zeal of the first missionaries fired the enthusiasm of other young men. Many asked for admittance into the society. The work spread into Ireland, England, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Canada, and the U.S.

Missionaries went down into Africa. The work there was not easy. When the first Oblates went into South-West Africa at the turn of the century, they had a roadless journey of 700 miles ahead of them to reach their mission. They tried ten times



in ten years to reach this mission, but failed each time. First their horses died. The next year their teams of oxen succumbed to disease and privation. On successive attempts, the missionaries died on the road. In the tenth year, two reached the mission; but when other priests came to help them the following year, they found only the graves of their predecessors. After that, however, the missions flourished. Only 16 years later, numerous missions, hospitals, and schools had been established with 100 missionaries and a prefect apostolic.

The Oblates went to Canada in 1841 and established themselves in Montreal. From there, missionaries fanned out into the tremendous expanses of western and northern Canada. They reached as far west as the Pacific coast; their northern missions dotted the last outposts of civilization above the Arctic Circle. The Oblates became known as the "Apostles of the Northwest." But the forging of the link that was to bind the nomadic Indian and Eskimo tribes of the Arctic to the Oblate chain was difficult.

The story of Fathers Lacombe and Taché reads like fiction. Often, after traveling hundreds of miles to meet some wandering tribe, the missionary found that his flock had already departed. With provisions depleted, the Indians who had accompanied him on the journey would think nothing of abandoning the priest in the wilderness. Then

it was a race against death to get back to the mission post before the supplies ran out. The missionary often had to go hungry himself to keep his famished dog team alive, for without them he would have to leave all his possessions in the wilderness—sacred vestments, chalices, temporary altar and books. Once Father Lacombe went six days without food. It was this type of labor among the Eskimo and Indian tribes that prompted Pope Pius XI to call the Oblates of Mary Immaculate "specialists in difficult missions."

Basutoland, the poorest of all the South African territories, should have been a difficult land to convert. Yet Basutoland, which is two-thirds barren rock, is now a stronghold of the faith after less than 100 years of evangelization. Almost half the population of 500,000 are in the Church. The Oblates have established 344 primary schools teaching more than 30,000 students; two classical colleges, affiliated with South African universities, have an enrollment of 500 students; four normal schools for both sexes prepare teachers for primary and secondary schools.

But the proudest boast of the Basutoland missionaries is the prospect for a native clergy. Since 1924 Basutoland has had a native seminary and more than ten Basutos have already been ordained to the priesthood. Of the 325 Religious in the district, more than 240 are native vocations to Sisterhoods.

A golden link in the chain of Oblate missions is Ceylon, the 260-mile-long island off the southeast coast of India. The Oblates arrived in Ceylon in 1848. In spite of the tropical climate and the great barrier that the Hindu caste system places in the way of converts, mission activity on Ceylon has met with remarkable success.

In 1861 the first Oblate bishop in Jaffna reported that 5,000 adults had been received into the Church in the previous five years in his vicariate. His successor, Bishop Bonjean, in 1880 had 70,000 Catholics, 40 Oblate Fathers and five convents of nuns. There were 260 churches, a small college, and a Catholic newspaper. Where there had been no Catholic education, 100 schools and five orphanages had been provided in 30 years.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate came to the U. S. 100 years ago. They made their first foundations in Brownsville, Texas, the Oregon Territory, Buffalo and Plattsburg, N. Y., and Lowell, Mass. One of the principal works of the Congregation in this country is preaching parochial missions. When Oblates preached the first parochial missions in 1853, such missions were practically unknown in this country. The early missionaries went out from Montreal and Buffalo. By 1870, missionaries from Buffalo were covering the territory from Cleveland, Ohio, to Lowell, Mass., and preaching in the towns strung out below

Albany along the Hudson river.

Now the Oblates' field of activity includes the whole country. The small scattered settlements in Texas, New York and Massachusetts have been augmented until today there are four separate provinces in the U. S.

Oblate Fathers work among the Negroes, Mexicans and Indians. The need for missionaries in those fields is acute. For example, North Carolina with its population of 3,300,000 has only 10,000 Catholics, a smaller percentage than pagan China has.

When Father William Ryan, O.M.I., arrived in Fayetteville, North Carolina, to organize a colored mission in 1939, he found only eight colored Catholics in this city of 8,000. Why so few? A train porter summed up the difficulty concisely.

"God love you, Father," he said. "It's bad enough to be colored in North Carolina without being Catholic, too."

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate conduct high schools, colleges, universities, and seminaries.

A few years before the last war began, American Oblates opened the first mission establishment of the Congregation in the Philippines. War and internment interrupted the work for five years and three of the missionaries died at the hands of the occupying forces, but now the work has begun again. The islands of Mindanao and Jolo are the principal fields of Oblate activi-

ity, and they conduct a newspaper in Cotabato.

In 1945, the Oblates opened a new mission in São Paulo, Brazil. São Paulo is South America's Chicago. In the past ten years, it has grown in population at the rate of 100,000 a year.

A new link in the Oblate mission chain is now being forged in Japan. Our present Holy Father asked the Oblates of Mary Immaculate to go to Japan and fulfill the words of their motto, "to evangelize the poor." In the fall of 1948 the first mission band of six priests landed

in the island of Shikoku. Shikoku has a 4 million population, but only 700 are Catholics.

Buddhism is an obstacle to conversion, but defeat in the last war has destroyed many of the old superstitions among the people. Christianity has an ideal opportunity for filling the void in the hearts of those bewildered children of God. The difficulties of language and customs will not be easy to overcome, but the missionaries are confident that some day they will be able to present a Christian Japan to Mary Immaculate, their patroness.

The Open Door

MY BROTHER Bill married a lovely non-Catholic girl. After many months, we gave up hope for her conversion. Bill, though, had other ideas. He went to Mass regularly and he always made it a point to mention to his wife the number of nice-looking girls who also went to church. Seeing him alone, he said, they presumed he was single, and a lot of them always smiled at him.

That got Jean. She was taking instructions within a month. Her husband needed a chaperon for Mass, and he got one. M. C. B.

THE handsome bachelor, visiting his aunt in our small town, created the usual stir of feminine interest. I had three dates with him, and on the third

he asked me why I objected to kissing.

"It's against my religion," I said, safe on the other side of a latched screen door, not bothering to explain that I was talking of my own personal creed and not necessarily trying to teach that of the Church.

Three years later I was surprised to learn that he had joined the Church.

"I hunted through my Bible," he said, "to find what was written about kissing. Then I read your Bible and other Catholic doctrine hoping to find the answer to my question. Well, I never really did find the exact answer, I guess, but I did find answers to other things that were bothering me. So here I am with a rosary like yours."

Mrs. L. B. C.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Address Open Door Editor. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

Unless some people straighten out their thinking it may become "unconstitutional" to mention the Deity over the radio

The FCC vs. GOD

By CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Condensed from *Plain Talk**

ON MARCH 27, 1945, Robert Harold Scott of Palo Alto, Calif., filed a petition with the Federal Communications commission (FCC). He asked the commission to revoke the licenses of KQW, KPO and KFRO, three San Francisco radio stations. He protested that they had refused him time to broadcast talks promoting atheism, but permitted direct statements on their stations against atheism and indirect arguments against it in the form of religious programs.

Scott contended that the existence of a divine Being was highly controversial. He said that in refusing to give time for arguments supporting disbelief in God, the stations were not presenting both sides and therefore were not operating in the public interest.

The FCC answer created confusion in the broadcasting world and in religious circles.

The opinion denied Scott's petition in the particular instance. But it seemed to suggest: 1. that the FCC could decide what was or was not a controversial public issue; and 2. that the FCC agreed with Mr. Scott

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE was in Europe and was unable to proofread and revise her original article before it appeared in Plain Talk. Through the courtesy of Isaac Don Levine, the editor of Plain Talk, we are able to present here a revised version of the article as edited by Mrs. Luce.

that the existence of a Creator was seriously debatable, though probably not yet a real public issue. The clear effect of the decision's several thousand rambling words was to encourage atheist speakers, and to threaten broadcasters of religious programs who ignored their requests.

Why had a government agency whose members had often complained of program headaches, over-work, and lack of manpower, so deliberately interfered in radio programming on behalf of atheism, a radio topic for which there was no eager local audience and no broad support throughout the country?

The mystery was deepened by the WHAM case. On Oct. 6, 1946, station WHAM of Rochester, N. Y., carried a religious broadcast by the

dean of the philosophy department of Catholic University, Father Ignatius Smith. In it Father Smith repeated a familiar American theme: "If the godlessness, the irreligion of our people continues to grow, our greatness is doomed. We cannot separate God from government or godliness from national life and expect to preserve our greatness."

Shortly after the broadcast, Arthur G. Cromwell, president of the Freethinkers of Rochester, filed a complaint with the FCC. He said that the station had refused his group time to reply to these attacks on atheism. Station WHAM had to apply for a renewal of its license at about the same time. The FCC granted a temporary license pending an investigation. In the opinion of Benedict Cottone, general counsel for the FCC, "the station is squarely in conflict with the commission's decision in the Scott case. A renewal of license cannot therefore be granted at this time, consistent with the Scott opinion."

After a flood of protesting letters from religious groups, a permanent license was granted to WHAM. But there was no official overruling or correction of the Scott decision.

On Aug. 9, 1948, Edward Hefron, president of the Religious Radio association, filed a petition with the FCC asking for a clarification. The chairman of the FCC, Wayne Coy, wrote an equivocal reply. The same letter was sent to Representative Charles Kersten of

Wisconsin, who had attacked the opinion on the floor of Congress. He said, "Atheists have no more standing to ask equal time with religious programs than violators of the moral law would have the right to expound immoral ideas on an equal basis with time granted to those who defend the moral law."

The House then passed Regulation 691, to investigate the FCC, and in the summer of 1948 hearings were held.

THE Scott opinion itself is an extraordinary document. It begins its defense of Mr. Scott's atheism by saying, "The question here presented does not involve blasphemous attacks upon the Deity, or abusive or intemperate attacks upon any religious belief, but only such criticisms as would necessarily be implied in the logical development of arguments supporting atheism."

The author of the decision suggests that God may be denied, and religious beliefs and organizations attacked and destroyed—providing it is done courteously. He fails to note that the "logical development" of atheism calls for the suppression of all religious worship, of churches, of altars, of sacraments.

This decision claims that disagreement between various denominations as to the nature of God implies lack of positive proof of the existence of a Deity. In view of these differences, it concludes, one man's religion becomes another man's

atheism. This is, of course, the most appalling nonsense. But it is one way to create out of thin radio air enough "atheists" to warrant broadcasting time for atheism. One might as logically argue this way: because a Democrat and a Republican hold divergent views about the character of the President, the question, "Does the President of the U. S. exist?" is a legitimate matter for public controversy.

There were three significant facts about the FCC investigation. First, a committee of Congress had met the question of putting atheism officially on an equal basis with a faith in a divine Being. And it had overwhelmingly decided against it. However incapable or unwilling the common man was of defending his faith, his representatives in Congress still officially recognized his and the nation's dependence on a higher order. They insisted that the Communications act be interpreted in conformity with the divine law.

Second, the Congressmen saw at once the effects of the widespread preaching of atheism on our national life. In its interim report to the whole Congress, the committee said that the full application of the Scott decision would either drive religious programs from the air or flood the homes of listeners with a barrage of unwelcome attacks on religion.

Third, the committee disputed the Scott decision that there could be no abridgement of freedom of

speech, even when it outrages the traditional morals of the U. S. people.

Why, the committee wanted to know, should not every medium of public expression under federal control be open on an equal basis to atheists? Why not atheistic "chaplains" in the armed forces, atheistic instructors in land-grant colleges, meeting halls for atheists wherever—as at Annapolis and West Point—the government built cadet chapels? Why not the Nietzschean phrase "God is dead" or the Marxian precept "Religion is the opium of the people" on the other side of the coins which announce "In God We Trust"?

Now let us glance at the background and career of the author of the Scott decision. He was Clifford J. Durr, a member of the commission since 1941.

Durr, an Alabaman, had established himself early in the New Deal as an extreme and militant left-wing liberal. He carried on a running war against radio commercials and radio manufacturers for capitalist practices. He consistently advocated that the FCC should not renew station licenses without a thorough review of each station's programming and its general political and economic policies. Throughout his years on the FCC he was constantly accused by the networks of favoring stations and broadcasters who were left-wing.

Durr resigned from the FCC on June 30, 1948. He then revealed himself as a fellow traveler. He campaigned for Henry Wallace and became a leader of the communist-infiltrated National Conference of Civil Rights and the Progressive Citizens of America.

Imputing motives to others can be an unjust business. But the sponsorship of atheism on the air waves in 1946 by Clifford J. Durr would, in the light of subsequent history, seem to have been motivated by a wish to prepare the American mind for Marxian socialism.

It is certain that Clifford Durr was in a position to have advised Mr. Arthur Cromwell to bring his case against WHAM. Durr failed to establish the constitutional equality of atheism with faith on the radio front. But he may have succeeded on the far more important educational front. For atheist Mr. Cromwell had an atheist daughter, who had a small son, who, it seems, was a devout atheist, too! And this daughter, whose name was Vashti McCollum, lived in Illinois, where her son went to school. Could it have been Mr. Durr who advised Mr. Cromwell's daughter to bring suit against an Illinois public school for releasing time to students for religious instructions, on constitutional grounds, and carry it to the Supreme Court? On the Supreme Court, oddly enough, Mr. Durr had a brother-in-law. His name was Hugo Black. And perhaps not at

all oddly, when Justice Black had pondered Mrs. McCollum's case, he delivered his august opinion: the American public-school system is no place, constitutionally, for God!

THE chairman of the Congressional committee, Forest A. Harness, asked, when he closed the hearings, that the FCC should "remove the unfortunate decision from the books and records of the commission." He told the commission that if the decision were not taken out of the records, the House committee would propose legislation in the next session of Congress. Four years have passed since the Scott decision, but the decision has never been expunged, overruled, clarified or corrected, as requested by Congress. The matter was, as so often happens in government, forgotten.

Early in 1949 the irrepressible Mr. Scott again filed a petition against station KSFO. He registered the same old complaint: California's wave lengths still showed an "unconstitutional" preference for a Creator.

In April, the FCC again turned thumbs down on Mr. Scott. But no new opinion, overriding the Scott opinion, was written. Was that because the old one still would do? Is the existence of a divine Being still a potentially open question in the minds of the commissioners?

In any event, the final effects of the McCollum case and the Scott opinion on the decisions of the FCC

are still to be seen. Recently, the radio commission of the Southern Baptist Convention asked for idle spaces on FM bands. They asked that the FCC assign at least a new piece of the FM broadcasting spectrum for low-power, noncommercial religious stations. The FCC at once raised the question as to whether it would be in the public interest, and—in the light of the *McCollum case*—constitutional to do so. Surely it was plausible to argue that if government support of religion is unconstitutional in our public schools, it might be equally so on our public air channels? Or that if the FCC should find it is unconstitutional to grant these unwanted radio bands

to nonpartisan groups, it may well be that *all* religious broadcasts are unconstitutional?

The FCC has not yet answered this tremendous question. But it is interesting—and tragic—to note that the question is not what it was when Durr wrote the Scott decision. The question, then, was atheism's right to share the air waves on the same terms as religion. Today, it is religion's right to share the air waves with secularism.

According to FCC's lawyer, Mr. Gillingham, the Scott decision was an "insignificant case." Was it? And, according to the Congress, Mr. Durr lost his temporal argument against his Maker. Did he?

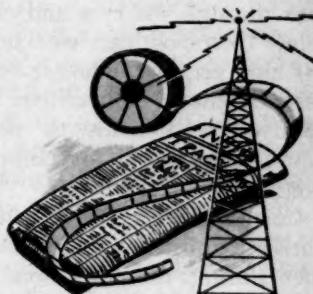


U. S. newspapers, radio and films will have to win the fight for peace

Americans and the War of Ideas

By ERWIN D. CANHAM

Condensed chapter of a book*



needs of our time.

General information for Americans reaches them through just a few hands. Yet the news Americans get is more adequate than the news other people get.

AMERICANS must be adequately informed about world events. Other peoples must know adequately the facts about Americans. A two-way flow of information has become one of the urgent

*Years of the Modern. Copyright, 1949, by Longmans, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., New York City, 3. 344 pp. \$3.50.

Americans should be the best-informed people in the world. But that is not the story. About 30% of American voters practically ignore American foreign affairs.

About 45% are aware of important current events but not well informed about them. Only 25% show real knowledge of foreign problems.

Yet more than 80% are reached by radio and newspaper. About 50% read magazines. More than half belong to organized religious bodies; 15 million belong to trade unions; 5 million to veterans' organizations; several million more to women's clubs and other societies.

Such sources are all channels for news. But they are all strikingly constricted. News reaches Americans through the eyes and ears of a few correspondents working under high pressure, who are in most cases intensely competitive. Competitive speed tends to produce haste, inaccuracy, oversimplification, and superficiality.

Correspondents face language barriers and censorship. Governments distort the news. Sometimes, as in China, the correspondent is perched on the edge of a continent, coping with untrue official communiqués.

But the correspondent is not the weakest link. He can often do a better job than his cable editor will allow him to do, or than most editors will print. The plain fact is that newspapers are printed for people

to read. For the great majority of readers the news must be made interesting and impelling. There must be simplification and dramatizing. Sometimes the news is "suped-up" on the cable desk, and the language of sports pages finds its way into events far too grave for such terms. Yet the editor has to get this news into people's minds.

News-gathering for radio has the same bottlenecks. Radio reports are even more condensed. Newspapers have scare headlines, but newscasters have scare voices. Commentators have their own opinions and prejudices.

The newspaper I edit, the *Christian Science Monitor*, limits itself to news it believes will be of constructive value to the citizen—even news of crime. But most newspapers to survive must stress what will most interest readers. If the choice is between a little girl who has fallen down a well and the balancing of the budget in Italy, there is no question which will get the headline in the average newspaper. Yet the balancing of the budget may be the decisive point in the preservation of a free world!

This is a gloomy picture. Yet the practice of news objectivity has been growing.

The news-reporting of the Truman and Dewey campaigns is a good illustration. The news agencies provided competent accounts of both. President Truman's campaign technique gave him more front

pages. The great majority of newspapers were for Governor Dewey. But reader attention was focused on front pages perhaps ten times more than on editorials and columnists. Truman won the battle of newspaper headlines.

The greatest present defect in the press, as in radio, is not in news reporting. It is in the unbridled presentation of pseudo news, of so-called backstage secrets, and of bias in the guise of fact. Slanderous attacks still appear in newspapers and on the air. While they do not begin to match the editorial violence of the 18th and 19th-century papers, contemporary keyhole columnists are given a free hand.

Their irresponsibility confuses people and makes them lose confidence in newspapers and commentators. Frustrated readers become cynics and ineffective citizens.

Newspapers or radio reap only short-term fruits from sensationalism. Readers and listeners build up resistance to it. Publishers and editors are learning the value of opinion objectivity.

What does this clumsy phrase mean? It means that the publisher reaches policy decisions with the best interest of the community in mind. Recent newspaper history teems with examples. Perhaps the best is the *Denver Post*. For many years, under Bonfils-Tammen ownership, the *Denver Post* was wildly sensational in news and opinion. It was hard to tell news from opinion,

because news stories and headlines were always colored with prejudice and bias. Then the old ownership died out, and the current heir put E. Palmer Hoyt in as publisher. He transformed the *Denver Post* almost overnight. Today, in reaching a decision on policy, the paper thinks first of the welfare of the community and of the public interest.

American newspapers are also getting more objective because they are ceasing to be competitive. The average city used to have six to ten newspapers. Today only 117 American cities have more than one daily newspaper; 1,277 cities have only one. In the old days the reader wanted the editor, and the reporter, to provide fuel for whatever prejudices he already had. With only one paper in a city it is impossible to pander to contradictory prejudices. Some of the most responsible newspapers are published in so-called monopoly communities, some of the worst where competition is most intense.

Publishers know that as newspapers approach the status of public utilities, they run into danger of government controls. The only way out is self-regulation. Newspapers have begun to take public responsibility.

The problems of radio and films are more acute. In 1930, many prophets said that after a decade or two radio would undermine newspapers, both in revenues and in reporting news. But radio put heavy emphasis on entertainment

in postwar programming. News commentators and reporters decreased. Television was eating up financial margins for sustaining programs. The tendency in radio will inevitably be toward consolidation. There may be only three or four great networks, as there are three news-gathering agencies. They will then have to accept public responsibility.

Films remain technically the most potent of all methods of conveying information. They hit people harder, penetrate deeper. Yet newsreels are limited, inadequate, and incomplete. Documentaries are few, though efforts to convey news events in an adequate fashion by film produce magnificent results. The educational advantages are large. Yet the vast resources of the industry remain predominantly shackled to entertainment deities. Films, which might well be first in modern "propaganda," remain in third place.

Such is the framework of our information system. Slowly but surely facts are winning out.

It is equally important that the facts about Americans be known in other countries. Many of our best friends are enormously ignorant of the U. S. There is resentment. Latin America still dreads "the Colossus of the North." The Arab world resents U. S. policy in Palestine. There is an unavoidable "have" and "have-not" relationship between the U. S. and most of the world.

We face an uphill job. It is surprising we have not done far worse. Congress in 1948 appropriated the first adequate budget since the war to do the job.

But the task of telling people about America falls upon government and private enterprise alike. Government does only what private enterprise cannot do. The first move must be made by the three press associations, Associated Press, United Press, and the International News Service. They supply news to hundreds of papers overseas. Most are under political domination, and many still suffer from a severe newsprint shortage. Much of the little they print about us is sensational, rather than important or serious. They follow the rule of reader interest that guides domestic newspapers. The result may well be an unbalanced picture with a heavy proportion of disaster, crime and the bizarre.

The same situation governs export of motion pictures. American films comprise about 75% of motion-picture coverage of Europe. The average foreigner, seeing an American film, which ordinarily distorts or colors everything it pictures, assumes that he is seeing a typical picture of American life.

Everyone is glad to know that these media are private, not governmental. But we also realize that such immensely powerful voices should weigh their responsibilities. They should remember that they

are more effective propagandists than anything Congress can set up. They must always keep a sense of balance. For every neurotic social drama or musical extravaganza, there should be a film showing American life in all its integrity and decency. There are such films. There might be more. And a supplemental government program is indispensable. Information libraries, films, mobile units, exchange of editors, professors and students, pamphlets and documentary materials, and various cultural approaches are means to our ends.

Short-term instruments include primarily the Voice of America programs, and distribution of news and textual material to newspapers, radio stations, and leaders of public opinion. Radio impacts are most effective behind the iron curtain. In the satellite countries, large numbers await the day of liberation. Inside the Soviet Union there are also many listeners, when American stations are not "jammed." Russia has 5 million short-wave sets.

The magazine *Amerika* is an illustration of effective propaganda. By postwar agreement with Russia, 50,000 copies of this handsome magazine may be sold there. All the material has to be nonpolitical and noncontroversial. Without self-conscious propaganda, it tells the story of American fundamentals. One recent article on snow removal was typical. Four-color pictures showed vast scarlet machines blow-

ing the snow off a transcontinental highway smooth as a billiard table. Such technology in conditions comparable to theirs constituted propaganda words could never rival.

When the U. S. really gears up to do an informational job, as during the Italian elections in 1948, it can achieve tremendous results. But the plain fact is that neither private enterprise nor government is more than halfway up to its responsibilities.

What is needed, beyond question, is an awakening to crisis. This modern propaganda war for the minds of men, at home and abroad, is only half understood. Too many people think that it is a war of diplomatic jockeying and of atomic stockpiles. The genuinely atomic idea is, of course, the concept of freedom.

I believe man himself can and will win—with truth—this battle for men's minds. It is true these are days of vulgarization. But we have superlative tools of communication. The key to man's relationship to his society lies in an understanding of the truth about man. In the U. S., without being fully aware of it, we have achieved a new dignity for man. We have applied our basic concepts to the betterment of the common lot. We have a technology, and we have spirit. Both must be understood by ourselves, and communicated to others. We have made a beginning. Awakening—and action—can take us the rest of the way.

*The abbey as it was, is, and some day will be,
described by a man who saw it bombed*

Monte Cassino Rises from Ruins

By FRANK GERVASI

Condensed from the Washington Post*

NA bald, windswept mountain-top, high above the Liri and the Rapido, a dozen determined Benedictine monks and some 200 skilled stone masons are slowly putting together a giant jigsaw puzzle.

They are assembling pieces of the ancient abbey of Monte Cassino. Its destruction by Allied bombers on the morning of March 15, 1944, was heatedly denounced, mostly by persons far from the mud and blood of the battle of Italy.

From a neighboring height I watched 230 Flying Forts dump 550 tons of explosives on Monte Cassino, the town at its base, and the abbey on its crest. When the dust subsided, the monastery and the city looked as though they had been pounded by giant hammers.

It was not a pleasant sight. No bombing is. But it seemed a reasonable thing to do at the time. The Germans had observation posts high on the mountain's flanks from which they directed deadly artillery fire on vital Allied positions. They

sat there "looking down our throats."

The 5th army had hit the southern bank of the Rapido in the winter of 1943. We were still there in March, with the inviolate mountain before us—inviolate because the abbey was there.

At first our guns and those of the New Zealanders searched out the observation posts and shelled the town of Cassino. Bombers even bombed Cassino, but gingerly, to avoid hitting the abbey. Finally word came that the abbey sheltered German observers and that it had to be bombed.

There was much soul searching in General Mark Clark's headquarters, and, to my certain knowledge, much resistance to the idea. But finally, orders came from topside. No one would say — then or now — from whom.

Don Girolamo, a youngish monk assigned to show visitors around, is sure it was "a foolish thing to have done," the bombing.

"There were no Germans in the

abbey then," he said. "There might have been a few, perhaps a hundred, on the mountain below us, just above the town. But there were none here. There were only ten Brothers and about 1,400 refugees, people from Cassino and the country hereabouts who thought they would be safe in the abbey.

"The Brothers were in the air raid shelter when the bombs fell. The refugees were crowded into the church, the cloisters, wherever they could find room. None of the Brothers were even hurt. About 400 or 500 of the refugees were killed.

"It was two days later, on March 17, that the Germans came. Then they moved guns up here and many men. They burrowed under the debris and were safe from your bombs and shells. They used the chapel of St. Benedict as a kitchen. You can see the blackened places on the marble benches along the walls."

It is amazing today to see the great outer walls of the abbey rebuilt exactly as they were before that warm, sunny morning six years ago.

Don Girolamo said that the walls are stronger now than ever. They are thicker and more carefully built, thanks to the skill of the workmen, many of whom are, ironically, communists.

You enter the sand colored, fortresslike structure through the giant, reconstructed, arched door. The word PAX is engraved over the door in huge letters. But as you climb the wide marble staircase to

what was the floor of the cloisters 200 feet above, you are reminded less of peace than of war.

Along either side of the stairs are neat stacks of parts of the jigsaw, fluted segments of fragile columns, arms and legs of statues, chipped angels' wings, faces of cherubs remarkably and startlingly whole. All are to be fitted back into place or reproduced.

More than 400,000 cubic yards of rubble had to be cleared, Don Girolamo said, before the actual reconstruction could begin. Every handful of the priceless rubbish had to be searched for usable bits. This job alone took two years.

The statue of Pope Gregory XII was restored from 43 pieces found in the debris. Ferdinand II, king of Naples, one of the Order's benefactors, was carefully pieced together from more than 60 fragments. Charlemagne is still armless, but the monks still hope to find the missing members somewhere about the place.

Most of the more valuable paintings and treasures were removed before the bombing. But the choir of 80 carved wooden chairs is gone. Only two or three bits of the wood remain to guide the master craftsmen who will some day reproduce the originals.

"With \$5 million," Don Girolamo said, "we could rebuild our abbey in three years. But at the rate that money is coming in now, we'll be lucky to finish it in ten, maybe 20

years. But it will be rebuilt, as it was three times before."

The Benedictines of Monte Cassino are puzzled that the U.S. has not offered to finance their reconstruction work. So far, the costs have been defrayed by the Italian government, which appropriated about \$500,000, but has made only half that amount available.

Nor are the people of Cassino bitter over what our guns and bombs did to their little city. Cassino, where 3,000 to 4,000 civilians out of a population of 20,000 died, is now overgrown with weeds.

But there is a new Cassino with wide streets and new apartment houses and hotels on the south bank of the Rapido. Looking down on it from the walls of the abbey, the new

Cassino looks like a red roofed American town. The streets intersect at right angles, and traffic flows in orderly fashion.

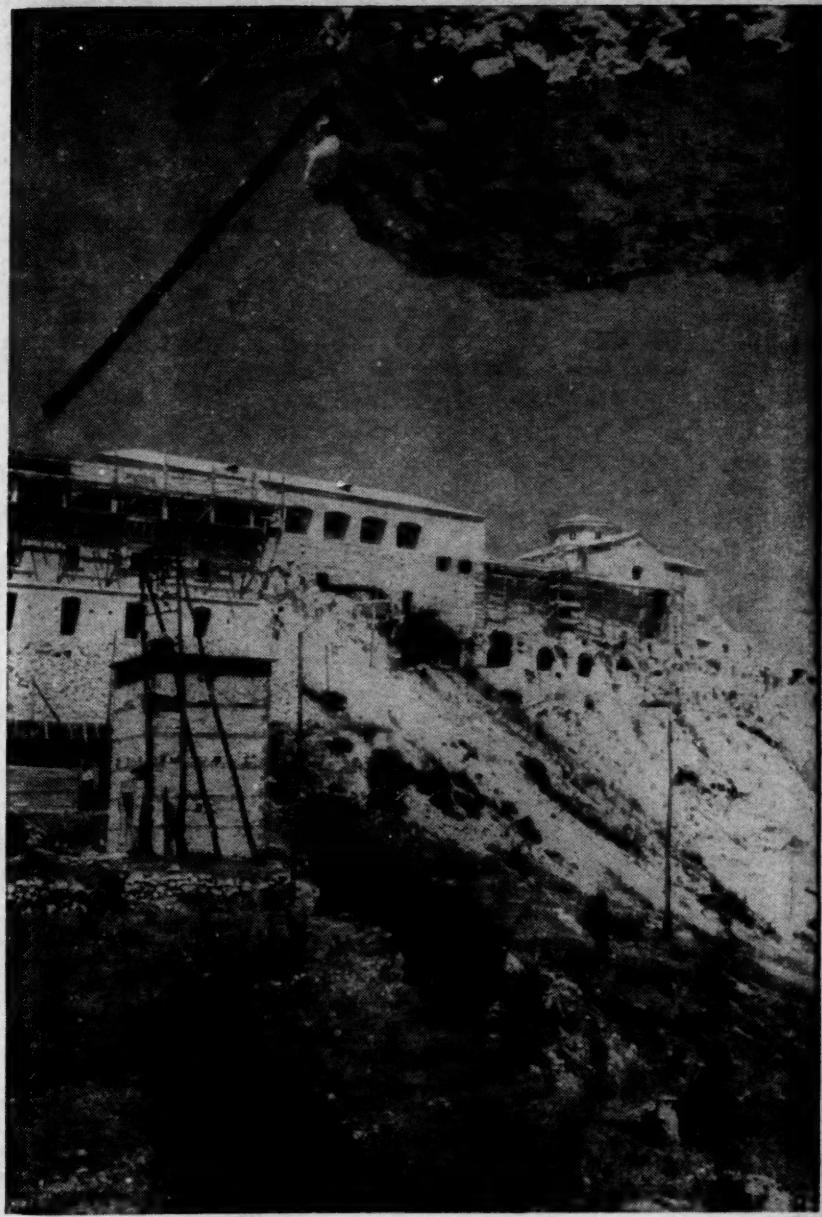
The new Cassino is prosperous, not the miserable town it was before the war. The place is full of free enterprisers who are capitalizing on Cassino's new-found industry, tourism. There is a British cemetery about a mile out of town. Some 1,000 Poles are buried up on Monte Cassino. There is an American burial ground at Anzio and many of those who lie there died at Cassino.

Busloads of widows, mothers and fathers come every day. They mingle with the people of Cassino and there is a palpable kinship between them. The war has hurt both those who come and those already here.

PICTURE STORY

Monte Cassino Rises Again

This is Hill 516, on military maps. Bombs, 453 tons of them, made it rubble in February, 1944. Before that it was Monte Cassino. Benedict built it first in 529. From it went monks to convert and civilize the western world. Lombards, Saracens, earthquake, the first Napoleon, each destroyed it. It was always rebuilt, more splendidly than ever, a palimpsest of stone. Since 1944 35 monks have been rebuilding it again, sometimes from unrecognizable fragments. It will take decades, they say, but Monte Cassino will rise again.

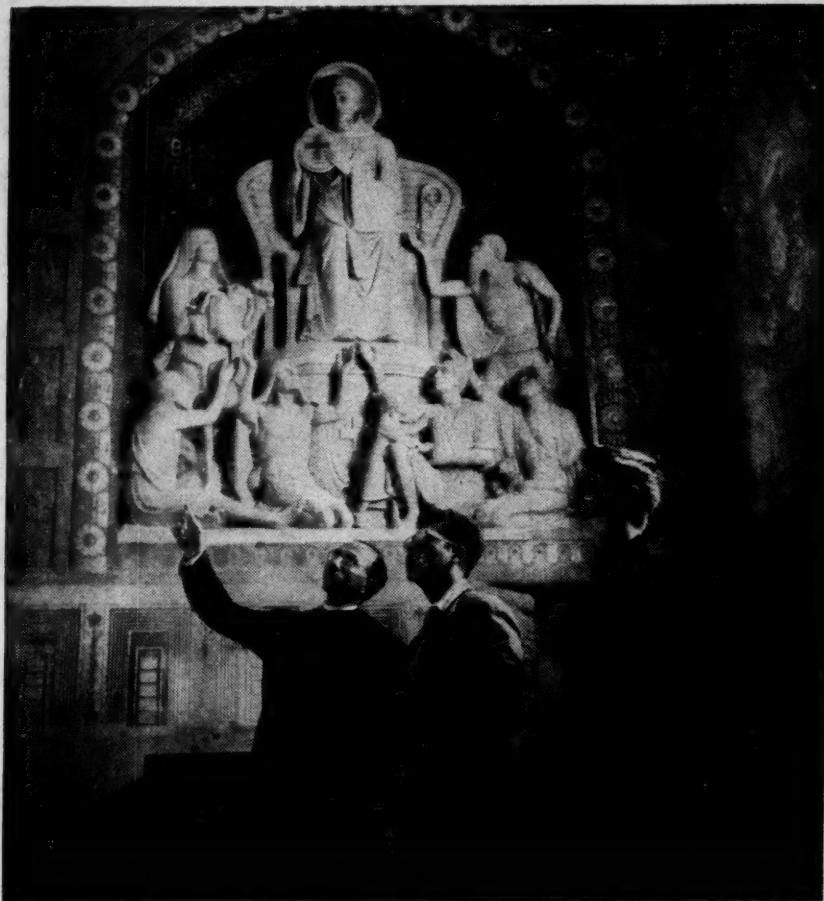




The first task was the sorting of fragments, of statues, mosaics and carved wood; then marking and cataloguing them. This work started almost at once. Gaunt Dom Francisco Vignelli, who once taught architecture in the seminary, sat in a shack from dawn to dusk listing the pieces. In two years six statues were restored. Uncatalogued in subterranean passages are ledgers recording 700 years of monastic life, molten pipes of the 17th-century organ, furs and feathers of the mounted zoo. Here Dom Francisco restores a marble relief.



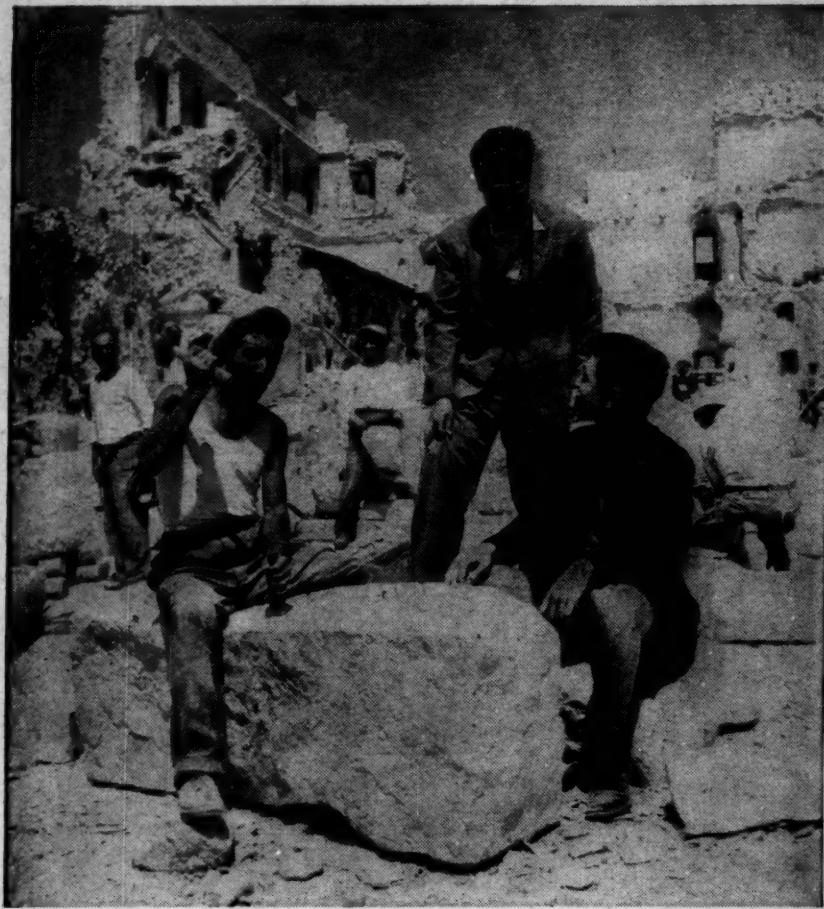
Monte Cassino was a cathedral as well as an abbey. Its abbot was also the bishop of the diocese. There were 72 parishes. The abbey provided the seminary and maintained a college for the diocese. The cathedral was decorated with mosaics of varicolored marble and precious stones. Here Dom Francisco reconstructs one from the pieces. Some things can never be restored. Two gigantic cherubs supported the altar, Attributed to Michelangelo, they are lost, with paintings by Giordano and D'Apina, and a massive crucifix Cellini made.



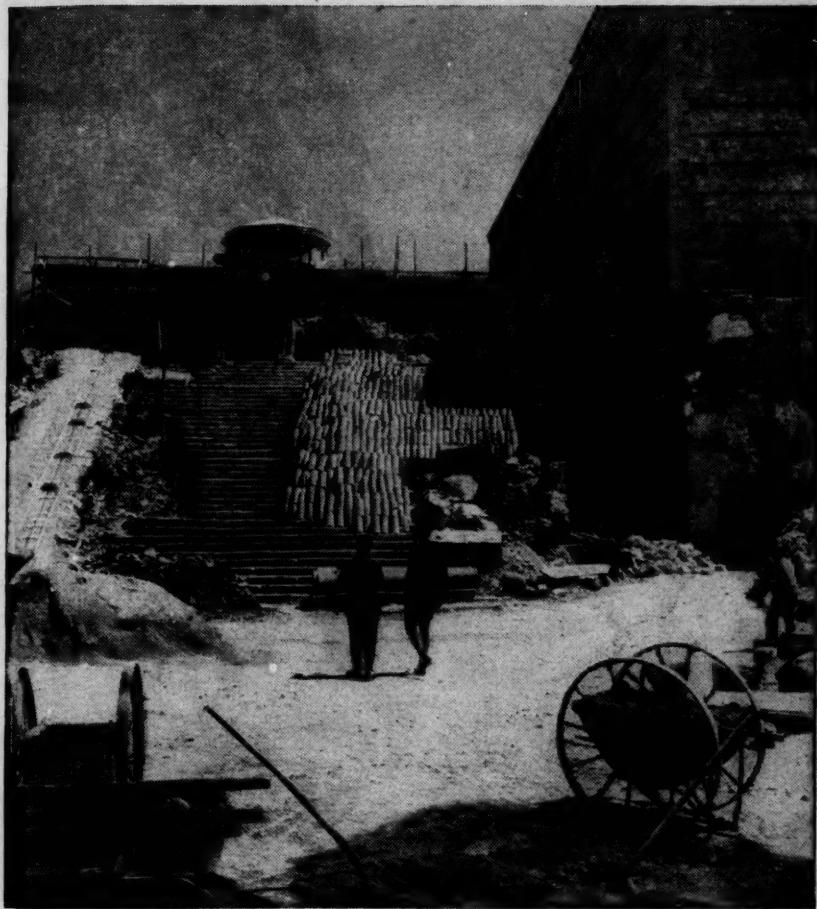
Some precious marble reliefs which the Beuren monks in Germany made last century survive in the church to recall its old grandeur. Only a few such things are still in place. The only part of the abbey to survive as it was before the bombing was the little chapel which formerly was St. Benedict's personal room. But everything will be rebuilt. As one of the monks said, "It takes an olive tree 30 years to bear fruit. For us it will be decades, perhaps centuries. But that day will come."



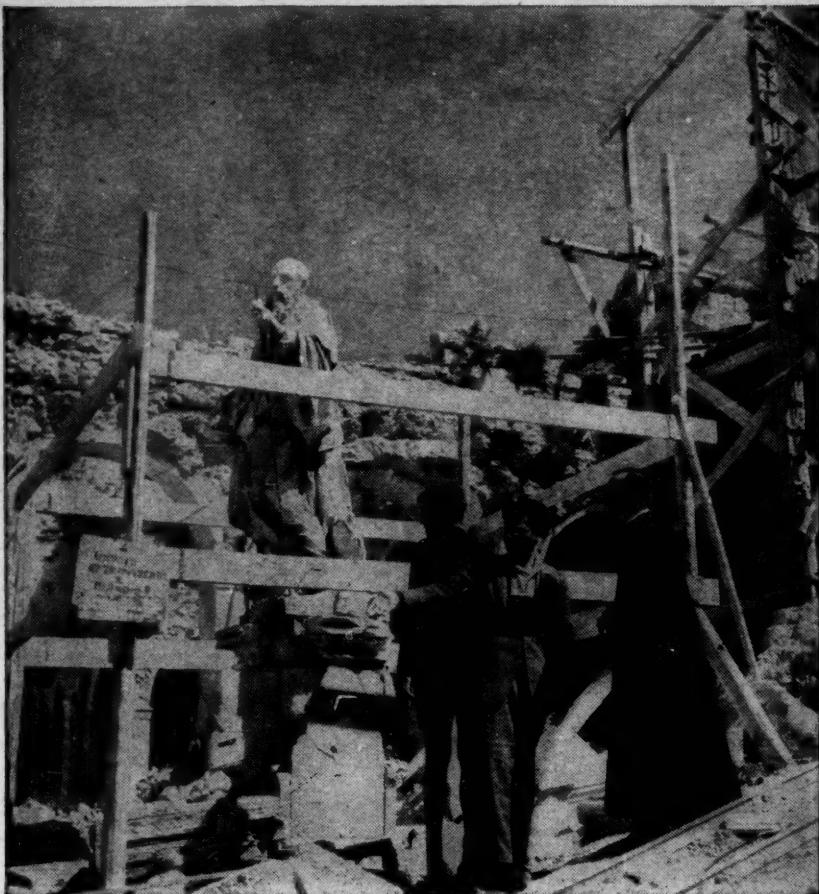
Such are the details. Here is the larger picture. Going down the great staircase at the Loggia del Paradiso you see walls of the former college, sample of the general rubble. Here were terraces and gardens surrounded by stone and sky. Fourteen hundred olive trees along the slopes were trimmed and clipped into a sterility it will take years to overcome. They were a substantial source of revenue. Everything must be restored. Construction is underway with every tool and craft. Already the rubble is gone; sand and cement are ready.



An Italian stonecutter uses the tools that his fathers used before him. To keep the spirit of the original structures, solid stones must be hewn by hand to fit precisely. But the workers have the skill and patience for the job. They work tirelessly, if slowly. The traditions of their craft are older even than the abbey. To them the fitting of the stone in the wall is as painstaking and exact a task as it would be in a mosaic. Many are expert in either craft. For everyone here, the arts and crafts are timeless.



The large staircase of the Loggia del Paradiso leads to the centuries-old cloister of the benefactors and the cathedral. Here it is strewn with building materials. There is even a tiny railroad to carry them. The courtyard of this loggia was once the jewel of the monastery with fountains, trees and statuary open to blue Italian sky. Fantastic amounts of stone, mortar, and man-hours will be required to recreate the beauty that was here before the bombs fell.



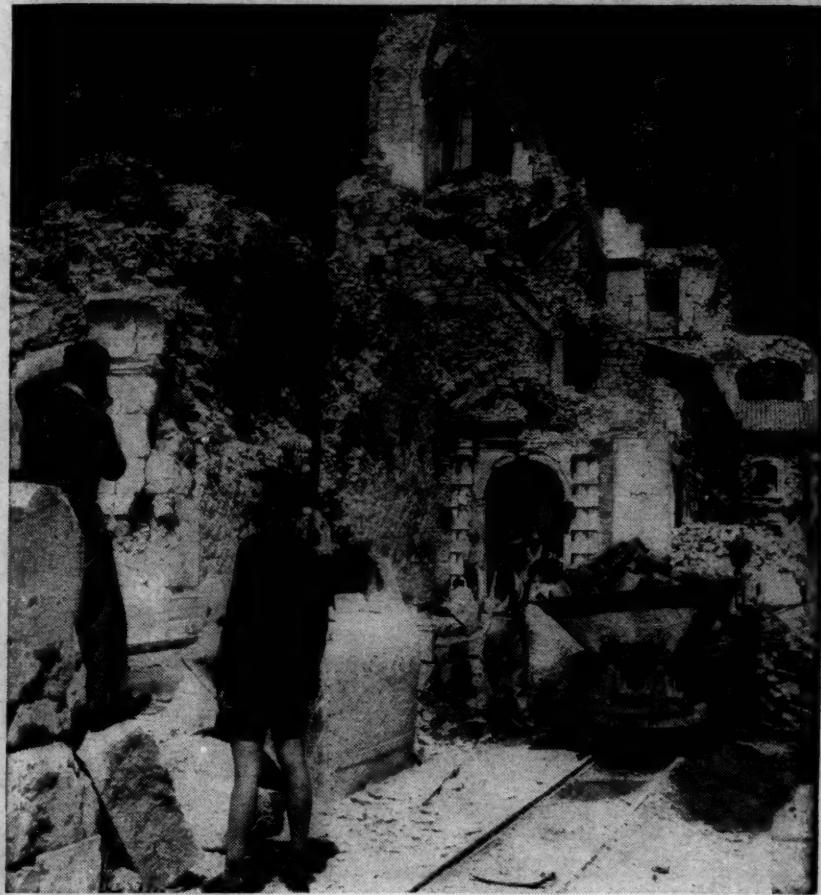
Reminders of the work to be done look down on the workmen. The statue of St. Benedict here was damaged, and a good part of the base and surrounding masonry were destroyed. The head was demolished or taken by a souvenir hunter after the statue was broken. It has been restored by a monk sculptor after photographs. There is something symbolic in its presence now. But everywhere, throughout the area, are such mute presences, chipped and scuffed, often headless still, still in their place patiently waiting.



Why such a small pail? "Cement is heavy, and there is plenty of time," answers the workman. Much of the work follows old routines. But as always, they make buildings to endure. These men are mostly neighbors, parishioners perhaps; some are even communists and almost everyone had his personal tragedy during war. In the democracy of the Church their sons or sons' sons may be abbots here one day, even Popes. Cassino gave 15,000 bishops to the Church before the 14th century, 200 cardinals, 24 Popes.



Already a solid building stands. The new refectory hall is nearly as large as the cathedral. It is the storehouse of the unearthed art treasures. Charts on its wall show the old Cassino. On the left are the statues, on the right some of the huge bombs which fell. Missing is the enormous fresco painted by Bassan of "Christ Multiplying the Loaves and Fishes," which dominated the ancient hall. But implicit here is all that was there, hospitality, good will; no alms were asked of a traveler.



Once the college building and library are restored, back will come the treasures. More than 15,000 books were destroyed in the bombing, but the oldest and most valuable went to the Vatican library long before, manuscripts of Tacitus, Apuleius, and Varro. Some 12,000 manuscripts and 40,000 books were removed. The ashes of Shelley, and a holograph of Keats were in the pocket of Archivist Dom Inguaniz with the last private papers which he smuggled out that last day in a German military car.



Any tour of the abbey takes one to the unharmed tombs of St. Benedict and St. Scholastica. When the debris which buried them was cleared an unexploded projectile was discovered about a yard away. St. Benedict refused to be budged from his mountain. Perhaps his stubborn sister had had something to do with it. The ultimate shrine thus untouched, the motto so often quoted now takes on new meaning: *succisa virescit* (cut down, it grows again). The monks will need St. Benedict's help in making it come true.

*Her beauty made her popular; her brains made her bossy;
her heart gave her courage to answer God's every call*

55,000 Babies and Sister Vincentia

By FRANK HAMILTON

Condensed from the *National Home Monthly**



IN THE 20 years that she has been in charge of the maternity ward of St. Michael's hospital, Toronto, Sister Vincentia has witnessed nearly 55,000 births. Each one has been a new and thrilling personal experience.

She is a familiar and formidable figure as she strides through the hospital corridors. Her tongue is often sharp, her manner gruff, but they cannot hide the deep sympathy she feels for all women who suffer and bear children. She takes each one of the 2,700 mothers who come under her wing each year as a special charge. At first they are afraid of her, but she radiates confidence, courage and hope. When it comes time to leave the hospital they have come to love her.

The nurses and doctors are a little afraid of Sister Vincentia, too. When she is not rebuking a nurse for some minor fault, she is having a sharp disagreement with a doctor. She often gives her own instructions and insists that they be carried out com-

pletely, as though she knew more about the women than the doctors do. And more than one doctor who has clashed with her secretly admits that she does.

Today, at 61, as a specialist in obstetrics, she is known to doctors and nurses the length and breadth of Canada and the U. S. Both young interns and long-practicing medical men say they have learned more from her than they learned in medical school. On many occasions, her advice has proved invaluable to an attending physician, and her quick thinking has been credited with saving more than one life.

Sister Vincentia has built her ward into the best maternity ward in her city by paying particular attention to seemingly trivial matters. She is a tough boss. An open window that should be closed, a speck of dust, student nurses gossiping—these are enough to start her on the warpath. She is a tireless, hard-working woman; she seems to drive herself beyond physical endurance.

She was born Mary Mullin in Toronto in 1888. When she was just a young child, her parents' home burned down and the family moved to the little town of Coventry. There, Mary, with her sister and three brothers, attended the one-room, red-brick schoolhouse, walked across town to the little country church for Mass Sunday mornings, and went berry-picking, paddling or skating Sunday afternoons.

Mary grew into a tall, healthy girl. She inherited her mother's dark beauty and her father's determination.

Early in life Mary made up her mind to become a career girl. She went to Toronto and entered a business college. After graduation, she went to work in the office of a wholesale jewelry firm.

Mary Mullin seemed to like working in a city office. She made a host of friends. Some called her Mary, but most spoke of her as Maggie, a nickname that had followed her from the country.

She had been working for several years when, in 1914, war was declared. She had risen to a good position in the firm, but she quit her job to go to work in the pay-roll office of a war plant. She remained there until the Armistice.

All the years she worked in Toronto she went to Mass every morning at St. Anthony's church. Yet she never thought that one day she would be a nun. She had a host of beaux. She loved dancing. She and

her brothers and their friends spent many of their evenings dancing. But though Maggie Mullin was the belle of the town, though she had made a success of her business career as far as a girl could in those days, she was vaguely troubled. She felt that somehow she was not in her life's work. Somehow she had missed her vocation.

When the war ended, Maggie Mullin went to St. Michael's hospital to study nursing. She was popular and happy there. She liked the busy routine of the big hospital. In nursing she felt that at last she'd found her place.

After graduating, Nurse Maggie Mullin went to northern Ontario. She worked as a company nurse for mining companies in Cobalt and Timmins. In those days—the early 20's—the towns were tough, rough and sometimes violent places. Pioneers like Nurse Maggie Mullin lived a hard life, and to survive, had to be as tough as the country they lived in.

When Maggie Mullin returned to Toronto after three years in the mining camps, she told her younger brother, Henry, "I never want to go back to that awful country again." Her brother suggested that she join the staff of one of the city hospitals or take up private nursing. But Maggie Mullin had other ideas. In the northland with its rough, vulgar life, she had kept remembering the serenity and peace of the existence of the nuns she had worked with

while studying nursing at St. Michael's hospital. She longed for that peace.

When she told her family that at last she knew the life she wanted, that she would be a nun, a nursing Sister, they could not believe her. She was not a young girl with romantic ideas about life in a convent. She had proved herself a practical woman, a successful career girl. She was 37 years old.

The day before that day in 1925 when Maggie Mullin went to be a nun, she had one last fling. She had a facial, a manicure, a permanent wave. She bought a new silk dress for a farewell party that night. For the last time, she put powder and rouge on her face, mascara on her eyes, and lipstick on her lips.

But Maggie Mullin's stylish permanent wave did not last long. One of the first things that happened to her when she joined St. Joseph's Order was to have her long hair cut off.

As Sister Vincentia she spent four years studying and working in the convent and the hospital. Then in 1929, she was put in charge of the maternity department.

The first thing she did was to order everything from equipment to walls, ceilings, and floors scrubbed and sterilized. And she saw that it was kept that way, spotlessly clean. She clamped strict discipline on her staff. No longer would a nurse think of coming to work with the smallest spot on her uniform. She tolerated no loafing. She always had a job for

a temporarily idle nurse. Her frequent inspections kept everyone on their toes. Half a dozen times a day the cry, "Watch it, here comes Beads!" passed swiftly through the corridors from nurse to nurse. They called her "Beads" because she walked so fast that the long rosary at her side rattled her approach.

Though she has plugged consistently for modern advances in obstetrics, Sister Vincentia has always had very definite ideas about some things. She abhors use of artificial means to hasten birth. Often she has refused to speak to doctors for weeks after they had engaged in such practices over her vigorous objections. She is also very decided on the subject of feeding. Sister Vincentia thinks every mother should breastfeed her child. Of recent years there has been a swing towards bottle feeding among young mothers. Many shy away from breast feeding because they fear it will ruin their figures. This infuriates the good Sister.

Despite her outward gruffness, Sister Vincentia is a very real comfort to her patients in their crucial hour. Her soothing words calm them. In that moment she is a pillar of warm, comforting strength.

When there is a serious case in the ward, Sister Vincentia seems always to be there. If the ordeal drags into the night, she leaves her bed a dozen times a night to check for herself. She frequently spends 18 hours on the floor. The other Sisters

admit she works twice as hard as anyone else in the hospital, and to try to get her to go to bed when she is worried about one of her patients is impossible.

Perhaps Sister Vincentia's favorite patient is a woman who has been in every year for 12 years and who has had 12 children. For 11 years she always came in around the same time and Sister Vincentia always pretended she was surprised to see her. But the last time she was later than usual. "Where have you been?" demanded Sister when she arrived. "You're two months late this year!"

Sister Vincentia often runs across unmarried mothers among her patients. As soon as the woman arrives, Sister Vincentia is in to see her, speaking to her in a soft, reassuring voice, taking special pains to make her happy and ease her embarrassment. She is afraid that these young

girls will be uneasy with a woman who has given her life entirely to God. But she is wrong: they always come to love the blunt, good-natured simplicity of Sister Vincentia, who offers them friendship and encouragement they so desperately need.

But Sister Vincentia herself carries a greater cross than any of her patients, one that only a few people know about. Some years ago, the doctors told her that she had cancer, and that it was far advanced. Five years ago, they operated. Today, her right arm is swollen with recurring cancer. Actually, she is not even supposed to be working, but no one can keep her in bed. She insists that she must work. The doctors and other Sisters wonder how she does it. In spite of the pain and the knowledge that she is dying, Sister Vincentia remains the same gruff, tireless, kindly Sister she has always been.

Convert Writers

(Answers to quiz on page 69)

Sheila Kaye-Smith	<i>Susan Spray</i>
Sigrid Undset	<i>Kristin Lavransdatter</i>
G. K. Chesterton	<i>Orthodoxy</i>
F. Marion Crawford	<i>Sarascinesca</i>
Giovanni Papini	<i>Life of Christ</i>
Clare Boothe Luce	<i>The Women</i>
Ronald Knox	<i>Translation of the Bible</i>
Joyce Kilmer	<i>Trees and other Poems</i>
Thomas Merton	<i>The Seven Storey Mountain</i>
Graham Greene	<i>The Heart of the Matter</i>
Fulton Oursler	<i>The Greatest Story Ever Told</i>
Evelyn Waugh	<i>Brideshead Revisited</i>
Frances Parkinson Keyes	<i>Dinner at Antoine's</i>
Theodore Maynard	<i>Apostle of Charity</i>
Sir Bertram Windle	<i>Evolution and Catholicity</i>
Shane Leslie	<i>American Wonderland</i>
Wilfrid Meynell	<i>Biography of Newman</i>
Louis Budenz	<i>This is My Story</i>
John L. Stoddard	<i>Rebuilding a Lost Faith</i>
Coventry Patmore	<i>Angel in the House</i>

Return of the Stray Shepherd

By E. BOYD BARRETT

*Condensed from a book**

E. BOYD BARRETT won international recognition in his chosen field of psychology as a Jesuit priest. He left the Church some 20 years ago, abandoning her traditional teachings in favor of his own conclusions, arrived at from his studies. For the 20 years previous, from 1904 to 1924, he had been a Jesuit. He has now come back to the Church.

He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1883. His upbringing was intensely Catholic. After six years in the famous Jesuit college of Clongowes Wood, he entered the Society. He gained the highest honors at the National University of Ireland and at Louvain, where he was made a Ph.D. in psychology.

His great promise as a psychology student prompted his superiors to send him to the University of London. There he conceived the idea of setting up a mode of treatment for nerve troubles, adaptable, as he then thought, to Catholic principles. He was sent to Georgetown university, as professor of psychology, in 1924; became an American in 1930. His writings, first tolerated by the Church, came to be regarded with suspicion.

Upon leaving the Society of Jesus, to live as a lay person, he practiced as a consulting psychologist in New York City. He wrote half a dozen books and numerous magazine articles, many of the latter being pleas for charity toward ex-priests.

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Return of the Stray Shepherd

By E. BOYD BARRETT

I KNOW now that you, fellow Catholics, have charity in your hearts for priests in trouble. I know that you pray for them.

When a son runs away from home, his mother's one thought is how to get him back again. She worries over his loneliness and sufferings. It is of the dangers he is in that she thinks, and of the hardships he is undergoing, not of the faults he has committed. She does not remember the wrong her son has done her by running away; she dreams only of the joy it will be for her when he returns. So it is with the Church.

There are nuns and layfolk who consecrate their lives to prayer and sacrifice for priests. They realize that the Good Shepherd needs other good shepherds. They realize that His work succeeds in direct proportion to the virtue and efficiency of His shepherds. By their heroic prayers and penances they win great graces for priests; and priests, more than any others, need great graces, for they live close to the edge of peril.

Because priests know at close quarters the meaning of danger they, more than any others, have

real sympathy with their brother priests who have failed. They are always ready to help them—always ready to say a good word about them. And they keep them in mind affectionately. It is some good priest, too, who has the last word with our stray shepherd—some good priest who will offer him a last chance.

The Jesuits from whom I had fled, in disobedience, were good to me. For their Master's sake they gave me a last chance.

After my flight they waited a few weeks to give me time to think over what I had done. In those few weeks, were I other than blind with pride, I should have realized the folly of what I was doing and the pain and harm I was causing others. But infatuation with my superficial freedom kept me from thinking straight, and the few weeks given me for reflection were wasted.

The Father who was appointed to offer me my last chance was an old friend of college days. He was one whom I liked and admired and from whom I had received many favors. He was a good man, intelligent, experienced, a little younger than I. He was slim, pale, courteous, a man of great personal charm. I

knew he really wished me well.

I was living in rooms in McDougal St. in New York City. He phoned me there and asked me if I would see him the next afternoon. I agreed.

I was glad that my rooms were fairly nice. They were well furnished, clean, and there were a few interesting antiques and bits of art work. I tidied the sitting room and placed cigarettes and a tray with wine and glasses on a table. It would be easier for me, I felt, if I could play down seriousness and if I could reduce Father's visit to one of mere friendliness.

When he knocked at my door, I was waiting for him, smoking, and, of course, a little nervous. I let him in and greeted him somewhat shamefacedly. He was kind as always, shook hands, and then sat down. He, too, was nervous, and paler than usual.

Now, looking back and understanding things better, I have no doubt that he had spent long hours in prayer for me, prayer that God would give him light to see what to say and how to say it. For him, even more than for me, the ordeal was severe.

We began to chat, first of trivial things, then about the grave matter in hand. I cannot, after all these years, recall what he said or what I replied. I remember that in friendliness he smoked a cigarette and sipped a little wine. I remember his even temper and how he would

glance into my eyes to see if he could read any sign of hope.

The freedom I was enjoying still clogged my mind. Father could not get me to see things as they really were.

There was a letter in his pocket. He had, at last, to tell me about it. When it was read by me I would no longer be a member of the Jesuit Order. He told me he would have to give it to me, unless. . . . He had not given way to emotion, and in that he was right. Emotion and beseeching would have helped none. However moved he was within, he did not betray it, except that his kindness grew more and more patient. Then came the tense moment before he had to hand me the letter. Moisture filled his eyes.

He was telling me how easy it would be. Would I not come back with him—back to *Campion House*? There I would be welcome again. . . . No one would remark on anything. . . . My superiors were waiting for me. . . . They had the power to absolve me from my fault of running away. . . . They wouldn't be hard on anyone. . . . Couldn't I—wouldn't I—come back?

I have often thought about that last appeal which Father made. Grace was near me then.

It was tragic to see him hand me the letter. Is it imagination, or do I accurately recall those strangled, jerky movements of his hand—to the button of his coat—to his breast pocket—then coming towards me

trembling, with the letter in it. Then, very serious, sad, and pale, he went away—and I had the letter. I was no longer a Jesuit. My friend was gone.

That was my last chance, and years passed before I saw a Jesuit again. Christ had held out His hand to bring me back. I had stood away from Him and fled.

ONE of the deepest and most lasting sorrows of the stray shepherd is the thought that those who once knew and loved him have turned against him. That is a blighting thought. It poisons his mind. It embitters his outlook. It fills him with suspicion and fear and resentment.

The stray shepherd looks back—in one way or another he is always “looking back”—and he sees the old times when he was assured of respect and kindly affection from those among whom he lived. His relatives—above all, his parents—were proud of him and of what he was doing. The children in his parish looked up to him with trust; they had a smile for him when he met them on the sidewalks. The old men called a respectful “How d’ye do, Father,” and the old women murmured a blessing as he went by. He was welcomed when he visited in his parish; he was loved by the pious for his sermons, for his goodness in the confessional, for his gentle exhortations and encouragement.

In those days he had many, many friends among the laity; among the

young clergy, he had pals and buddies of college days; among the older clergy he had those who wished him well and with whom he liked to smoke a good cigar and “chew the rag.”

That picture of smiling, friendly faces is now, as he sees it in his morose imagination, changed into a vista of dislikes and scowls and contemptuous sneers. Except in that little corner of the picture where his parents and relatives are gathered, there is no understanding glance. And, alas! even in the faces of his own folk he sees shame and sorrow.

“They don’t like me any more,” he mourns. “They regard me as a turncoat, a failure, a disgrace. They distrust me now, and they wish me no good!”

I think it is the duty of every Catholic to disprove the stray shepherd’s false idea that he is hated. When we show him that his memory is cherished and that hearts beat in sympathy and love for him, the width of the gap will be lessened and he will be that much nearer home.

Always, we must distinguish between the sinner and the sin. Assuming, and we are always assuming in this matter, that the stray shepherd is a sinner, we must separate him in our minds from his sin. We hate the wrong, the betrayal, the false teaching, the scandal, the disobedience, but we do not hate Tom or Jack or Pat!

Tom is a faithful priest’s brother. Does his brother not love him still?

Does his brother not love him more than ever, and pray for him day and night? Jack's sister is a nun. Does she not love him? Does she not love him more dearly than ever? Is not her heart worn out with its prayers to Christ "for darling Jack"? Pat's father is a good Catholic who kneels at Mass every Sunday, perhaps every morning. Has he forgotten his son? Has he disowned him in his heart? Are there no tears in his eyes when he thinks how lonely and lost his boy is?

And those cousins and friends and school companions of Tom and Jack and Pat who knew and loved him long ago—have they really turned against him? Of course not! True, they are sorry for what he has done, but they haven't forgotten him or torn up the pictures they had of him. Generally, they think he will be back home again soon. They conjure up thoughts of what they'll say then, how they'll welcome him.

Tom and Jack and Pat would do well to reconsider their idea that the priests, young and old, whom they knew and liked, have turned against them. Priests are not like that. They, at least, make allowances; they understand. The priest, and I mean nearly every priest, has a soft, pitying spot in his heart for his brother in trouble.

SOME Catholics are deeply moved by the loneliness of stray shepherds. They want to help them and they cannot resist it. I know one such.

He's a cheerful man, rosy-cheeked, robust, with the kindest eyes I've ever seen. He's aging a bit now, in his 60's, and is no longer strong. His "ticker," as he calls it, hurts a lot—strange, that so good a heart, one so brimful of generosity, should cause pain to anyone.

I met him many years ago after one of my lectures in New York City. He came, I suppose by chance, to the lecture. But once his keen eyes fell on me, he studied me. For a time he wondered. Then—his hunches are remarkable—he guessed my secret. After the lecture he waited until all but a few of the audience had left, and came up to me. He took my hand warmly in his. There was a \$10 bill in my hand when his was gone, but he was still chatting genially with me.

He came again, to another lecture, waited to see me, and asked where I was living. When he called on me, he carried with him a good, old-fashioned, homemade cake and a bottle of wine. He made me promise to visit his mother and himself on Long Island.

His mother, a dear little lady, was frail and delicate. She had not long to live. He surrounded her with loving care and did all the heavy work of the household. Pretty, indeed, was the feast we three had together, and when it was over my friend showed me the garden which was his pride. There was a dainty fish pond, too, and, of course, a birdbath.

In his study there were several

shelves of books; they were well-thumbed, for my friend read carefully and seemed to remember all he read. His learning was bewildering.

He soon came to know my stray shepherd friends in the city. He cultivated these new acquaintances and managed to do a few good turns for each of them. Strangely, however, none of us knew precisely where he stood in the matter of religion. He seemed to be a Catholic of a very broad pattern, but, for all we knew, he might have been an agnostic with an interest in mysticism.

In time my friend and I saw less of one another. He remained on Long Island for a little longer, and I drifted away to California. But we never wholly lost contact. At intervals, letters from him reached me, always interesting, learned, quizzical, and, invariably, almost illegible. The constant factor in all the letters was the loving spirit in which they were written.

When my long exile was over, and the Church mercifully received me back, my friend was one of the first to write me to tell of his great pleasure in my happiness. But he wrote in such a way that I still did not know how far he and I now saw eye to eye in religious matters.

This uncertainty tried my patience. In my new-won enthusiasm I put aside restraint and frankly wrote urging him to return as I had done. No doubt, he had fun over my letter—or, perhaps, in his humility

he felt that it did him good. Anyhow, he kept on inviting more and more outpourings on my part.

At last I saw through him and was happy to realize that my friend was one of Christ's very dear friends—one whose obsessing thought was how to bring down to earth more and more divine love, of which, as he likes to say, "there is no measure."

The letter that revealed what my friend stood for was written in his usual quizzical way—a little of this and a little of that, a reminiscence or two, and, casually told, a story that stirred me to my depths.

I hadn't read far when I knew there was something afoot—something had occurred which had made my friend's heart brim over—for he began to write about one of his hunches "that never led him astray."

But, having thrown out that hint of something coming, he veered off to tell me about his garden. It "was never so good . . . blooms in abundance . . . everywhere he turned, color upon color and tall tulips in groups adding height to the display."

Then followed a line about his "always running into stray sheepherds," and then a sudden switch to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He had, he said, to get a good-sized, framed picture, one that looked "ikonish, rich, devotional, Greek." He added that the Redemptorists were coming to give a mission in his parish and, "come what may, there can't be a Redemptorist mis-

sion without Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

To get his picture my friend had gone into a corner of the city where "there is an east-European mixed colony, Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, Lithuanians." He had noticed there a little store where pious objects were sold. The store, when he found it, was very neat and clean and, as he entered, he heard a hammer tapping on metal in a room at the back—evidently a little workshop.

Out of this small back room came the storekeeper, in his shirt sleeves, a quiet, unruffled man of past 40, well-built and fair-complexioned, with a "broad, innocent, guileless face."

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I'm after a framed picture of the Perpetual Help."

"All I have are on the wall behind you," the storekeeper answered.

My friend turned to look at three copies hung on the wall. He selected the one that was the best framed and oldest-looking. The storekeeper took it off the wall and began to wrap it up. My friend watched him, noted something "different" about him, saw or fancied he saw a trace of sadness, of emptiness in his face, and felt that the man did not belong there. When the parcel was wrapped up, my friend said gently, "You are a Lithuanian—Father!"

The storekeeper looked up quickly. There was a pleased light in his eyes. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"Perhaps it was from your accent," my friend murmured, and went on rapidly to tell him of Lithuanian friends he had, and of the beautiful Lithuanian church in Bridgeport, Conn.

"Oh, yes! We have many fine churches," the storekeeper remarked proudly. "In Pennsylvania, too!"

My friend then told him about two bright Lithuanian boys he knew who were being put through college by their uncle, a priest. The storekeeper seemed to approve this, saying "Ye-es" and "describing a circle with his chin."

Soon the priest, a storekeeper in shirt sleeves, was leaning against his counter, completely won over, unburdening himself of his sad life story, and telling of old times in his homeland. He told, too, of dreadful recent times, of his own folk "forced to live like animals," of poverty, persecution, and murder. "I saw it all—I was there," he said.

In slightly foreign accents the story went on and on. "I like my store here," he said. "The street is bright and busy, and it is difficult to be lonesome. I do a little engraving on medals and rings behind there. It keeps me busy. It was very hard at first, but I do well enough!"

"Would you like to go back?" my friend ventured.

The answer was prompt and frank. "Sure, I'd like to go back if I was positive of readmission. But one has to live and, if I'd lose my store, how could I ever make a new

start? I have been here ten years!"

Like other stray shepherds, he suffered from the old, old delusion that the Church was against him and felt ill will towards him and would be harsh. In this priest's mind, too, the devil had planted that poisonous thought.

"Sure I'd like to go back," he repeated, "but the bishops are so busy and the examinations are so protracted!" But, as he spoke, there was a wistfulness and a yearning in his voice—the eternal nostalgia of the stray shepherd.

My friend's letter continued. "He told me a lot of things. At last, I had to break away. To make him see that I still valued his ordination I did a strange thing. I think I quite dumbfounded him. I asked him for his blessing!

"The priest's eyes moistened. He lowered his head, folded his hands, and recited a long-forgotten formula. Then he made the Sign of the Cross over me. I just grabbed his hand to my lips—the one he blessed me with. I left him then, promising I'd make a special mention of his name the following morning at Holy Communion. The Lithuanian rushed away into the rear room, and I into the street. As I was turning, I caught a glimpse of his little room, the one at the back of the store. I saw a small bench, his workbench for engraving and a half-made bed. The room apparently was windowless. I am so sorry!"

But my friend will go to see him

again. "I will visit him," he has written me since, "and I'll bring him an inconsequential gift, a nice fresh layer cake, something fleeting, and of course, I can never gaze on my Lady of Perpetual Help without thinking of him, my poor stray shepherd."

A DEEP bond exists between a mother and her priest-son. This bond is not one of mere natural affection. It is spiritual, as well as human. It reproduces the tie that bound the mother Mary to the first Priest, her Son Jesus.

As Mary watched over her Son and brought Him with her to the temple to pray, a Catholic mother cares for her son and teaches him to be good. And there is many a priest who owes his vocation to the piety and inspiration of his mother.

In one historic case, a mother, Monica, sought her son, sorrowing, for 17 bitter years. She saved him and in so doing gave to the Church St. Augustine.

Only those "who haven't any brains" (to use St. Ignatius Loyola's quaint comment in this connection) doubt that Mary came first in Jesus' thoughts. And only those who are singularly ignorant of human nature doubt that in the average priest's thoughts his mother likewise comes first. His steps towards the altar, from the seminary gates to his ordination are, for his mother, mysteries of joy. His steps up the altar, on the day of his first Mass, and the holy

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words of the canon that he reverently utters, are her mysteries of glory. But if his mother's heart is ever to be transfixed, if she, like Mary, is ever to undergo the great mystery of sorrow, it will be only when he abandons his duty as a priest.

My mother died after 12 years of apparently fruitless prayer for me. I know the spot where she is buried. It is a little family vault that I visited a few times as a boy. It lies in an old Catholic cemetery, a wooded place, between the Dublin mountains and the sea. It's near a village, and children passing by bow and cross themselves, murmuring, "May they rest in peace!"

Likely it is that I shall never be able to kneel there to say as I would say with great loneliness, "Mother, dear, I'm sorry."

It's hard to think now of all the pain and disappointment she had to bear during her last 12 years. The golden years for her were the years when I was a priest active in my duties. But the worst of blows fell and her head was bowed in shame. She was always gentle, hating to cause any harm or hurt to others, but it was she who was chosen for this cross. I think she bore it as bravely and cheerfully and sanely as any woman could, but that doesn't mean that it didn't break her heart.

About ten years after I had left my priestly duty, I went to visit her in Dublin and spent whole days with her. She had aged, of course, and her voice had not the gay, con-

fident ring of the old times, but she was still bright. She had never a word of reproach for me and never openly cast a disapproving glance at my lay attire. We drove to the mountains and to seaside resorts, and dined together in pretty places. We went into shops to buy little presents, and together we knelt to pray at our Lady's shrine in Clarendon St. It was like old times, only that she tired too quickly and suffered when it got cold.

One day when we were driving through a lonely part of County Tyrone we ran into an electric storm. There were frequent flashes and the thunder followed close on the lightning. I noticed that my mother had her beads in her hands. Her face was serene as she prayed. Then came a blinding flash. A bolt had struck near by.

"Are you frightened, mother?" I asked.

She looked at me and smiled in her gentle way. "No, son! I'm not afraid when you are with me!"

At the moment I felt the love and trustfulness of her remark; it was not till later that I realized its deep meaning. Then I saw that she had told me, as only a mother could, that in her eyes I was always God's priest and that she had faith in me. Maybe in that moment, when death was so close to both of us, she was given the grace to foresee that in God's good time He would deign to recall me to His service.

My mother's words, "I'm not

afraid when you are with me!" sank deeper and deeper into my heart. They gave me hope and courage. They taught me, too, that a Catholic mother has great, perhaps almost irresistible, power to save her stray shepherd son.

Twelve years is a long spell for even the most patient martyr. Her heart could stand so much, and no more. It was not of any well-defined sickness that she died. The doctor who attended her was puzzled. All he saw was that my mother was losing a battle. There was nothing he could do. When she received her last holy Communion, her eyes were filled with joy and love. She told my brother that she was very happy. That was the last thing he heard her say. Her death was especially sad for me, because I recognized that she had died when her poor heart was worn out with playing gallantly her harrowing part as mother of a stray shepherd.

WHEN I contrast the two periods of my years in exile—the decade that followed my flight from duty, and the decade that preceded my petition to Rome for pardon—I find a striking difference.

In the first period, swayed by pride and bitter with resentment, I shed my religious practices one after another, till little was left. I found excuses for this and that omission. With callous insincerity, I pretended that it was impossible for me to say the Office. I forgot my morning and

night prayers. Trivial pretexts excused me from Friday abstinence or hearing Mass on Sunday. I never denied the faith, but I soon began to make little of its bulwarks and defenses.

My trouble, in essence, was not that of losing the faith but rather of neglecting and abusing it in my struggle for such money and fame as I could win. I was reckless about the harm I was doing. I trusted vaguely that my intentions were good and that people would not be misled or scandalized by anything I said or wrote. Like many another stray shepherd, I doped myself with the narcotic of sophism.

In the second period, the decade preceding my home-coming, there arose in my heart, uncertainly at first, then very surely, the urge to pray. The prayers and sacrifices that were being offered for my conversion were taking effect. A gnawing hunger awoke in my soul.

A stray shepherd such as I was, lonely at heart and bereft of confidence, finding himself drawn towards God, naturally turns back to the oldest and simplest prayers, prayers of pure worship and petition. He is conscious of his unworthiness and helplessness. He feels he cannot promise anything with sincerity. He cannot promise to reform his ways nor to do penance. He can ask God to look down on him with pity and to forgive, but he dares not undertake to love God in return. He cannot make the Act of Contrition, but

he can strike his breast and cry "Lord, have mercy on me!" Also, and this is his greatest comfort, he can say the Lord's Prayer from beginning to end.

Our greatest prayer, the Lord's Prayer, is the sinner's prayer. Christ knew that when He made it. When I found that the Our Father fulfilled my need and that I could say it all, every word, with sincerity, I used it with growing frequency and fervor.

It was but a step to the discovery that the Hail Mary, the little sister of the Lord's Prayer, could also be said with sincerity. Like other stray shepherds in my state, I did not want to compromise myself by making any promise, even to myself, of returning to the Church; nonetheless I had to pray. It was a great joy for me to be able to say the Our Father and the Hail Mary—and every word respectful, fervent, and sincere!

Then I began to feel that prayer was not enough. Months and years were going by, and a need, even deeper than the need to pray, awoke. To God, to the Father of all, sacrifice is due. In my soul it once again became clear as day that man, be he sinner or saint, should offer sacrifice to the Almighty, that he should join in the act of supreme worship and homage.

I had never wholly given up going to Mass. Once in a while I would slip into a crowded church, staying on a back bench close to the door. I used to feel frightened and awkward. The fear of illness assailed

me. Perhaps I should be stricken and have to stagger out of the church with all eyes staring at me. In spite of this curious phobia, I would hear Mass once in a while.

Later occurred an experience that I now look upon as a very great grace. How unexpectedly, and strangely to human eyes, does God's grace work!

I had been chopping wood on my California ranch one September afternoon. I had worked too long and too hard in a hot sun. Weakness overcame me. I struggled indoors. The weakness increased, and my heart seemed to grow faint. Stimulants didn't help. I was numb, and life appeared to be ebbing. It seemed to me that the end was at hand. My mind turned to God and I struggled to say, "Thy will be done!" To my great joy, I found myself resigned and found I could say with deep sincerity, "Thy will, Thy holy will be done!" Then, I felt nearer to God than I had felt for 18 years.

The strange weakness passed, but the experience left a deep impression. Prayers were being offered for me. Grace was being given to me. Now, surely, I should try to cooperate. Now, I knew that I was not abandoned.

Sometimes at Mass, I felt very lonely as I watched people approach the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. I used to envy them their privilege and their good consciences. I still knelt near the door, ashamed and afraid to go up near the altar.

It seemed that I was in the church only on sufferance; that I had no canonical right to be there, that I could be ordered out if the pastor so willed.

How I used to watch the communicants! As the priest distributed the Sacred Host, I could always hear his prayer that made each Communion a Viaticum. If only I could once again—just once—receive the Sacred Host, too!

Now that I am reconciled to the Church and free to approach the altar and receive Holy Communion as often as I wish, I feel as though I were at home again.

Home means being among things and people that are familiar and dear to you and being there by right—not on sufferance. It is very sweet to be home again after a long absence. Everything is doubly dear, and doubly beautiful. Now, one can rest, feeling secure, feeling that one has escaped from evil and danger. The old walls give one protection. Being with one's own reawakens confidence. Life takes on a friendly glow. No more does one need to hide!

As a boy, I did my schooling in a private college far from where I lived. I spent the terms there, sleeping in a bleak dormitory, eating in a big refectory among hundreds of strangers. It was lonely and hard for a little fellow, but, when vacation came around and I was sent home for the holidays, what a recompense was mine!

It was sheer joy to be home again—to sleep once more in a room of my own—and to awake mornings without any sound of harsh bells or fear of lessons and masters. Then I used to dress hurriedly and run downstairs to the kind of breakfast I loved, then off in the free sunshine to play with those I really knew and liked. To be home again was a joyous awakening! The feeling I had then, back in the old house with my own family on vacation, is the feeling that is mine today, though the years have taken their toll in many ways.

Has my faith suffered from those decades passed in sullen aloofness from religion? My answer to this question may be hard to believe, but it is true. I find faith easier now, and simpler, and more full of love. I had grown sick and tired of doubt and distrust. Now, faith for me seems the most desirable thing on earth. Faith means a vivid nearness to Christ, to Him who is full of pity and love for a friend who has been in trouble.

Being home again means more than handshakes and cries of "I'm right glad to see you!" It means, above all, being able to steal into the chapel to kneel close to the tabernacle. It means having Mary again as your Mother and protectress. It means having the saints again as your friends.

One reads in books that returned wanderers grow tired of home after

a little while, and long to set out wandering again. If they tire of home, it is because their home remains the same from day to day and never opens up a new vista for them.

But for the stray shepherd who comes home, it is different. The home to which he returns grows lovelier every day. For he is always rediscovering forgotten treasures or finding new ones. It is as though the bracing air improves his sight and his hearing, and gives him a growing zest. Though his hands be stained and his cheeks lined, the door of his heart swings easier than ever on its hinges to admit impulses of charity.

"That's all very nice," a stray shepherd says to me at this point, "but how do they treat you? What about the 'sour-faces' and their moralizings?"

I can't answer this question properly without first telling about an astonishing discovery I made when my return was made public. It should not have been a discovery or a surprise to me. I should have known of it and expected it. Had I not often preached on this very thing? Had I not taught others that the Church is holy? That the Church is Christ on earth?

I had taught that doctrine, however, without understanding it. It was only on my return as a prodigal son that I understood the holiness and love that is the Church.

My return meant, in the average Catholic's eyes, something that gave

happiness to the Saviour. And, straightway, the Catholic heart rejoiced. Such is the tender sensitivity of Catholic love for Christ. My return, the return of any lost sheep, was calculated to thrill the heart of every good Catholic. In the hearts of those thousands who had drawn very close to Christ, there was joy. Tears of gladness flowed; hands were raised in praise; heads were bowed in thanks. Everyone could see in my return the picture of the Good Shepherd carrying home His sheep. Every Catholic loves to see that picture; few can see it without deep emotion.

Now, I am asked, "How am I treated? And what do the 'sour-faces' say?" When every Catholic is glad for Christ's dear sake, are they not likely to be nice to me? Do they not see that Christ's arms are around me? Are they, even the "sour-faces," likely to be disagreeable towards me in such circumstances?

I received letters, many, many of them. Had I been in doubt about the holiness of the Church, my doubt would have been made ridiculous. Those letters suggested to my mind that there was "a milky way" of saints in Catholic America. Many a time it was hard on my eyes to read them. Letters from priests, letters from nuns, letters from busy merchants and professional men, letters from mothers of families and from office girls, letters from college men and professors, letters from soldiers and sailors and airmen—each

one who wrote did so because he or she was glad for Christ. To me they were loving letters, letters to a long-lost brother, saying in effect, "Welcome home! We're overjoyed you're back! We'll never let you go away again!"

Letters came from pastors (those supposedly hard men who spend long hours over account books) that revealed them as simple, holy priests. To be welcomed home by good men "of your own cloth" was touching. Letters came from nuns, modestly telling of years of constant prayer and never-failing faith that the Good Shepherd would find His stray sheep. Some nuns told of the sacrifices other nuns had undergone, of painful illnesses heroically suffered for the same cause. There was a simple old nun who had kept my name under a statue of our Lady for two decades or more. Another nun, dying of cancer, had submitted to an operation so as to suffer and pray a little longer. As always, throughout the Church's history, Christ's Sisters in their hidden convent cells go hungry and thirsty for His sake.

Among the letters there came many a heartbreakin cry to me for help. "My son was a priest," a mother would write, "and he is gone! Won't you help bring him back?" Even from a convent, a like cry would come. "My brother, a priest, was so holy. I've offered my life. Won't you pray?" If only I could publish those letters and show the

anguish that a stray shepherd causes in the hearts of the holiest and the dearest! Surely, by now, he must know that through the communion of saints a great dragnet is out for him and many a willing hand is at work.

In some letters the writers took time out to grow reminiscent. One convert told me how his conversion was assured, or practically so, by the warm charity he observed in a priest's remarks about a certain stray shepherd. Another convert wrote me that he had been in a Protestant seminary and had there found in the library a book by a stray shepherd on the Church. The book so awakened his curiosity that he had gone on to study Catholic doctrine with the inevitable result. Another convert told me how she had been deliberately and in the kindest way guided straight into the Church through the advice first of one, and then of another stray shepherd. May God reward and bless them for everything good that they do!

I STILL have to fill out my answer to the question, "Is it hard to toe the line? Are there humiliations?" In a way, yes, there are humiliations, but they are not always of the kind one anticipates. There was one humiliation I had, but it was so "good-humored," and so subtle!

I had expected, of course, that one of the conditions of my being received back into the Church would

be the public repudiation of all that was scandalous and unorthodox in my writings. I was, of course, and still am, ready and willing to submit to this condition. What happened? The Church did not say a word about my famous writings. I imagine she did not think they were important enough to call for a repudiation. I think she smiled good-humoredly, guessing that I'd be a little humbled over the fact that my writings had not been taken very seriously!

There is another humiliation that I have to undergo daily, but it is quaint and does not amount to very much. My present parish is a small one, but the chapel has always a little group for early Mass, which my pastor allows me to serve. As I kneel behind him, happy to be serving so near the altar, my thoughts sometimes wander. I wonder what the people in the pews behind us are thinking. They see a little gray man who has the Latin responses pat on his lips and who is smarter at the rubrics of serving than the boys are. Surely, some of them must suspect something. The little man must be a priest who got into trouble; now he isn't allowed to say Mass!

At the altar they see "the good priest," old, but erect and graceful, performing with humility and dignity the highest office that man can perform. He has been faithful all the time, and he it is who takes the Sacred Host in his hands. Good people, as they pray, must think that

the little gray man is doing penance for whatever he did. Let's hope they wish him well and pray for him.

Meanwhile, the little man prays for "the good priest," for all the thousands, the hundreds of thousands of "good priests," the loyal, faithful ones who never quit, those brave old-timers who give God every morning the infinite glory of the Mass, who with all their faults (and no one of them is perfect) remain true to Christ!

"What is it like, being back again?" I could go on, as it were, forever telling of rediscoveries. In some mystical sense, the returned shepherd brings a fresh mind to the wonderful impact of religion. Things he did not notice or relish before carry rich meanings. Suddenly, he sees value in devotions or saints that he had overlooked. The Church's hymns, the great ones and even the simple ones, are laden with new import. The *Stabat Mater*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* move him and comfort him. Sometimes, the final refrain of a half-remembered hymn will carry him away. Some long-forgotten association, mysteriously linked with his heartstrings, turns him into a poor, sobbing fool. I know, though I'm not prone to weep, that when driving home from Mass one day and trying to pray a bit as I drove, a few lines of the old hymn "*Immaculate! Immaculate!*" came back to me and I could hardly control the wheel.

One more question that I have to

answer remains: "Does being at peace make any real difference?"

Being at peace does not mean that your physical pains, if you have any, are cured, or that you have a better house to live in, or a newer-model car, or more money to spend. It doesn't mean better health or more riches. Neither health nor riches of themselves bring real or lasting peace. But I think every stray shepherd knows all that as well as I do. Being reconciled to the Church may in some cases entail great sacrifices. Some stray shepherds will have to give up the work they are doing in order to secure peace of soul. The Church knows that. She cannot promise gold for gold. She tells us, "Silver and gold I have none," but what she can give she will give, and she can give peace of soul.

Meanwhile, being at peace, having once more a conscience that is clean and enlightened with God's grace, gives one courage to face the hardships of life. No threatening mishap is terrible any more, no disappointment too bitter to bear. So many fears and anxieties and doubts are gone. The air is good now. Life has a true meaning.

I think that truly decent men have

a fundamental fear of adding, through the lives they live, to the bad and evil that is in the world. I think that stray shepherds, certainly every one that I knew, belong among those "decent men." But, when a stray shepherd comes back and lines up again with Christ's soldiers to lend a hand in the great conflict that is going on to defend God's honor, he is no longer in any doubt about his doing good instead of evil. He knows—he is sure now—that good is coming out of his life.

Being at peace does make a difference. It gives you back your self-respect, the infinite comfort of knowing that you are trying to do good. Of course, you still know or half-know your failings and liability to sin again. But, along with that knowledge, there is renewed faith in the Good Shepherd.

The tender, the beautiful, the incredible value of being at peace comes home to the stray shepherd when he, still in disguise, a poor unknown, kneels among plain people in a little church, one among 30 at the altar rail, to make his second First Communion. Then he will hear Jesus saying to him, "At last! My own friend! At last!"



A statesman recognizes and uses the weakness of the mob for its own good. A politician uses the weakness for his own good. Henry Rommen

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Bolton, Herbert Eugene. *CORONADO, Knight of Pueblos and Plains*. New York: Whittlesey House. 491 pp. \$6. The 1540 Southwest expedition revealed bleak pueblos instead of golden cities. But it opened new lands, and its leader set a record for humanity toward native peoples while losing a personal fortune.

Dudon, Paul. *ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 484 pp. \$5. Founder of the Jesuits; life based on facts only recently available; gives better picture of his early years.

Gabriel, Father. *ST. TERESA OF JESUS*. Westminster, Md.: Newman Press. 123 pp. \$2. Summary of spiritual and mystical teachings of nun who revitalized the Carmelite Order, has inspired thousands with her penetrating and human grasp of the science of the saints.

Hutchins, Robert M. *ST. THOMAS AND THE WORLD STATE (Aquinas Lecture, 1949)*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 53 pp. \$1.50. Shows that St. Thomas and Catholic tradition point to a single world-wide union of peoples under definitely formulated laws as the ultimate form of political life.

Lebreton, Jules, and Zeiller, Jacques. *HISTORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH*. Translated from the French by E. C. Messenger. New York: Macmillan. 2 vols. (1272 pp.) \$16.50. Incomparable work on Christianity to the end of the 3rd century; its beginning with Christ and the Apostles; diffusion East and West; organization, doctrine and worship; Christian literature; persecutions; the Christian's place in society.

Reynolds, Edward D. *JESUITS FOR THE NEGRO*. New York: America Press. 232 pp. \$2.50. Incidental to work in seminaries, parishes, and missions, many American Jesuits have found openings for religious care of Negro groups. Interesting case histories.

Rust, Paul R. *THE FIRST OF THE PURITANS AND THE Book of Common Prayer*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 270 pp. \$3.75. The effective work of turning English minds away from the Mass was done in the 1552 prayer book, by altering sections borrowed from the missal to make it appear that there was no Real Presence and no sacrifice. Prayer became the road to heresy.

Sayers, Dorothy L. *THE MAN BORN TO BE KING; a Play-Cycle on the Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. New York: Harper. 339 pp. \$3.75. Radio dramatizations in modern idiom give fresh sense of force and reality to familiar Gospel episodes.

Tomasi, Mari. *LIKE LESSER GODS*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 289 pp. \$3. Novel of Italian granite carvers in a Vermont quarry town. Memorable character is amiable and shrewd Mr. Tiff, the old schoolteacher.

Trapp, Maria Augusta. *THE STORY OF THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS*. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 309 pp., illus. \$3.50. Family song from an Austrian villa gets international music headlines when bank failure forces baron, his wife, and ten children to work for a living. Idyll of warm affection.



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Your magazine has been of great benefit to our schoolgirls. We appreciate all you are doing to improve the magazine and notice, from month to month, the new features.

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